# THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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## Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

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**LAND AGENCY.**

THE subscriber acts as a General Land Agent and Land Broker for Lands in Erie county, Pa. Several Farms, of 30 to 300 acres, wanted, by good purchasers, if offered cheap.

Erie, Feb 22, 1851.—tf. WILSON KING.


## Select Poetry.

### THE OLD TURNPIKE.

We have no more the clanging hoof,
And the stage coach rattling by;
For the steam king rules the trav'ling world,
And the old pike's left to die.
The grass creeps o'er the flinty path,
And the stealthy daises steal,
Where once the stage horse, day by day,
Lifted his iron heel.

No more the weary singer dreads
The toil of the coming morn;
No more the bustling landlord runs
At the sound of the echoing horn;
For the past still lies upon the road,
And the bright eyed children play
Where once the clattering hoof and wheel
Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the cracking whip,
Or the strong wheels rumbling round—
Ah, ah, the water draves us on,
An iron horse is found!
The coach stands rusting in the yard,
And the horse hath sought the plow;
We have spanned the world with an iron rail,
And the steam king rules us now!

The old turnpike is a pike no more,
Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
Which we ride at flying rate.
We have filled the valleys and levelled the hills
And tunnelled the mountainous side,
And round the rough crag's dizzy verge,
Fearle-sly on we ride.

On—on—on—with a haughty front!
A puff, a shriek, and a bound;
While the tardy echoes wake too late
To babble back the sound;
And the old pike road is left alone,
And the stagers sought the plow,
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam king rules us now!

## Choice Miscellany.

### AWAY DOWN EAST;

OR,

SLICES FROM THE LOAF OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

From Mrs. Swissheim's Saturday Visiter.

To the country—to the country with me, dear reader! My feeble pen would grow powerless amid the costly furniture that grace the halls of wealth and magnificence. Proud ladies with their cultured grace and sophisticated manners, are quite out of my line, and I should as soon think of sketching an Autumn sunset with all its glorious beauty, or a thunderstorm amid the rocks of Virginia, as to venture within the precincts of an aristocratic coterie. I confess it—I'm "not at home" in *fashionable society*, for I was born in the country, amid the bright and beautiful things of nature, and my heart lessons simple though they are, have been gleaned from her rich pages. So get your bonnets, girls; and—O, dear; I forgot the men—what will they say to such a fly-away affair! Never mind, they are almost sure to follow us—if but the grusty ones, and them we don't want; so come along, girls, and such a time as we will have over the hills and out under the wild, green arches, where twilight sleeps forever on beds of golden moss, and where the nestling leaves whisper together low and sweet like a conclave of fairy lovers hiding away from the sunlight. Here we are at last! Away down east in the whisking of a pen, and I'd like to see the telegraph make better time; with all its advantages of electricity! Here we are in Sydney—a darling little village on the banks of the Kenebec, that was never dreamed of in the *Telegraph's* philosophy, nor in the philosophy of the stupid old noodle who made the map of Maine, if it comes to that; but here it is, notwithstanding; and a perfect Eden of a village it is, for—ets but the serpent, and he knows a trick worth two of showing his head in that vicinity! You see that old red farm house upon the hill yonder! Of course you do; but that is not the village. Oh dear, no! That handful of houses down by the river that look as if they were hiding themselves under the great green leaves of the forest, that's the village—one of the villages you read of, but don't often see. I don't know what our old red farm house had done to be excluded from the village, but I do know that the villagers could'nt begin to get up such a bed of flowers, and such flocks of singing-birds, and such oceans of sunshine as we could boast of in our own particular right. You should only see our garden in the summer time! Such a wilderness of bright lipped treasures! There were whole beds of pinks and roses, and there were balm flowers by the wholesale, looking in the sunlight like great green goblets ready to brim over with purple foam. Then there were lilies and tulips innumerable, and ladies-delights, ranging next to the bachelor-buttons, *of course*, and at each corner of the house were two of the most ambitious hop vines you ever saw. The moment the sun kissed away the frost, off they would start like mad, on opposition trains, up the window blinds and over the eaves of the house, and sometimes when the exhibition was particularly high, they would dash across the roof, and tumble down the water spout in very recklessness of purpose! I'm not quite sure that the flowers in the garden were not all gamblers on a large scale, and that heavy bets were annually made upon their favorite hop-vine—at all events, there was an evident ambition amongst them to grow tall enough to peep over the house after the running vines, not perceptible in any other body's flowers! Then, again, it might have been to get a glimpse of a sweet, sad face that usually gleamed from out the chamber window which fronted the garden. It was a serious, thoughtful face, and looked more like a statue placed for an ornament upon the window sill, than a breathing, living creature; and no wonder it was sad and thoughtful, for it looked out upon two graves hedged round by white palings, and the only memory they brought was that of loneliness and desolation.

Bel Warren was an orphan, and dependant upon the charity of the villagers! Ugh! what a chilling sound has that word orphan! What legions of Smikes and Squeers and Oliver Twists come stealing out of imagination's store-house at the very name! Not that Bel Warren was *that* style of an orphan! Very far from it; for having no one in particular to take charge of her, from the fact of her very dependence, she became the pet and idol of the whole neighborhood! An orphan almost from her cradle, and not understanding why she should be so loved, she determined to doubt her power of winning affection, her capability of retaining it if won; so she passed on from girlhood to womanhood a dreamy, sad, thoughtful creature, with the one idea ever in her mind—when her time would come to be buried by the side of her lost parents! She was the shadow of our village—our "excess of glory" almost obscured by this unfortunate peculiarity of her nature. But if Bel Warren was the shadow, we had a brilliant bit of sunshine for its foil in the person of Rose Hilliard. If there ever was a bright, joy-born, merry piece of animated quicksilver on earth, it was this same darling Rose of ours. If you could only have heard her wild, free laugh ringing out upon the air, shattering in the distance, and then flowing back again in detached echoes, you would wonder that any one could have retained their gravity with her in their presence. Bel Warren and Rose Hilliard had grown up from childhood together, and with that unaccountable sympathy, which oftentimes unites opposite natures, were inseperable companions and confidants.—Bel knew to a shade just how many beaux Rose could count upon, and whom Rose thought handsome, and which Rose liked best, and whom Rose would not marry—no, not if every hair of his head was a diamond—and that was Augustus Muler, the only son of a rich farmer, whose extended acres bounded those of Joe Hilliard's.—Uncle Joe was Rose's father, of course, and if he had lived his whole life time on unripe persimmons, he could not have been more cross and crabbed than he really was. That Augustus was the man for Uncle Joe's money, nobody ever doubted, and of course, with such a snapdragon for a father, Rose was never expected to have any opinion at all upon the subject! That she should ever refuse him was quite out of the question, for independent of his acres, he had just about the finest orange-colored moustache that ever human being cultivated. But one fine morning when the neighboring gossips had quite talked themselves out upon the subject of coming events, which they imagined cast shadows before, the news flew around like wildfire that Rose had actually refused Augustus Muler, acres, moustache and all? That morning, as I sat upon the doorstep making patchwork for my fall quilting, who should I see but Rose coming across the lawn with tears in her eyes, and—her sunbonnet in her hand! I knew at once something was out of joint at Uncle Hilliard's, so I threw down my work preparatory to being astonished.

"He says love is all moonshine," said Rose, seating herself upon the step, and bursting afresh into tears.

"That's all *he* knows about it," was my reply.—"Well?"

"He says I must marry Augustus Muler! *Must* but I *won't!* I'll die first! Now what shall I do?"

"*Do?* Why marry Obediah Wilson, as you made up your mind to do six months ago!" You should have seen her stare.

"Why, who told *you?*" said she in astonishment.

"My *eyes* of course! I'm sure it was plain enough for anybody to see!" and so it had been, indeed; and if her father had'nt been blind, and stupid into the bargain, he never would have proposed Muler for her husband! Obediah Wilson (I wish for romance's sake his parents had afforded him a better name) was like—like—it is the greatest bore in the world for me to hunt up a similie when I want one—but the nearest I can come to any thing approaching this description is, to say that he was like a great Prince Bay Oyster—as hard a looking customer *outside* as one would meet with in a day's walk; but with a heart under the rough shell full of noble impulses and generous resolves. *He* wore a moustache, too, *sometimes*, but it was only a temporary one, and quite susceptible to the influence of soap and water. He was our village blacksmith, and how Rose Hilliard came to love him instead of a gentleman born, is a question for wiser heads than mine to solve, although in this one instance I quite approved her taste. Before Rose had time to answer my proposal, Obediah had seen her at the door, and came lumbering across the street, looking as if he intended to do anything in the world but come over to us. But he *did* come, and just then I remembered a most pressing engagement which I had *never* made, so I started off on a mission of mercy to Uncle Joe Hilliard's fully determined not to leave him until I had coaxed, wheedled, or worried him out of his consent to the union of Rose and Obediah. But I reckoned without my host, for once in my life, (not that such is an unusual thing with me) for after expending all my rhetoric upon him, he told me in plain words that if, between that time and New Year's day, a matter of three months, she did not marry according to his desire, he would disown her forever after! Rose saw me returning, and knew her fate was hopeless, so without a word of parting, she left Obediah, and in a few moments more was entering the door of her own dwelling. Before passing from sight, I saw her turn and rest her eyes upon her lover, with an expression of utter misery, and it was the memory of that pale, sweet face, which came into my mind just now when thinking of some subject for a sketch, which made me wander "away down east," from whence homewards and home-thoughts sometimes come so thick and fast that I am obliged to keep them down by writing them down, and do not always succeed at that. And all this while, where was Bel Warren? Not idle I assure you. Her time came at last, for love is too good a marksman to allow any person, whatever may be their sphere, to pass from the cradle to the grave without making a trial of his skill! The beauty of this surrounding scenery had attracted to our village one

Of noble mien and passion-lighted eye,

and from the moment of his introduction to Bel, both felt that there was a secret sympathy existing in their natures which had linked a chain of love wherein to fetter hearts whose pulse should beat never more but in unison. The quiet subdued manner of William Allen found warm appreciation in the poet-heart of Bel Warren.—He was her standard of excellence—the *beau ideal* of her dreams, the object upon which the pent up love of her thoughtful years had been lavished. There was evidently some secret sorrow brooding upon his mind, and this, more than all, excited her sympathy, and, *woman-like*, made her desire to share what she might not alleviate. With such impassioned natures, they were not long in exchanging vows of constancy and love; and it soon became a fixed fact that our village was to be enlivened with a wedding. Weeks passed, and Allen, who had been called away by urgent business, was anxiously expected back by more than one of the party. I saw Bel fading away so quietly day by day, that I began to fear that she would never live to consummate the union upon which her heart was set. Not even the conversation of a New York belle, who arrived on a visit to a relative in the vicinity, could startle her from her dreary languor which was hourly usurping her senses. One evening—it was late in August—as we all sat in the summer-house fronting the street, the old coach came rattling up to the door, and William Allen sprang out with his face radiant and joyful. Before a word could be spoken, the brilliant stranger had started up in surprise, and the next moment her white arms were around William Allen's neck, while Bel lay as one dead among the vines she had borne down by her fall! Poor Bel Warren? She had loved with a *woman's* heart, and met with a *woman's* reward—*lovelt!* All night long we watched over the senseless girl, and when morning came and the vines at her window began to shake off the dew in the rich light, her eyes opened with a vacant stare which told too truly that the sun of intellect had gone down into a night of fearful insanity.

That day a letter from the stranger informed me that Allen was her brother, whom she had not seen for some years—that he had become involved into a marriage with a reckless and unprincipled woman, but for his family's sake had avoided the publicity of a divorce.—And so we parted! They to go out into the gay world, and to forget, in its excitement, that such persons as ourselves had ever existed—I to nurse up the broken flower so rudely trampled upon, and in my poor devotion make some amends for the loss of that love which had first taught it to live. Well, the fall had passed with its gorgeous drapery, and winter had strung her jewels upon the trees, and over the hills, and on the eaves of the houses, and Uncle Joe grew, if possible, more cross and cribbid than ever! Rose had given up hope, and was calmly awaiting her fate. The New Year's day arrived all too soon, and as in duty bound, my first visit was at Uncle Hilliard's. I won't say how much curiosity had to do with that visit, nor how fearfully I glanced up to the attic window, thinking possibly there might be a body suspended therefrom by a sheet, or a rope, or some other implement of mischief, but nobody appeared, so I mustered courage and went in.

I don't exactly remember what were the nature of the New-Year's wishes bestowed upon Uncle Joe that morning, but at this remote period I have a faint suspicion that they were neither very flattering to him or dutiful in me. Rose came in gloomy enough, and Uncle Joe said something about a New Year's present for Rose, looking so malicious all the while that I won't take my oath I didn't counsel her to disobedience. I had forgotten my present in my anxiety, so I returned for it, and on my way back I was no little surprised to meet Obediah Wilson, with his face all a-glow and his mouth stretched from ear to ear—and it wasn't a smile, mouth either, let me tell you. I certainly thought his sorrow had deprived him of reason, and began to look around for some open door, whereby to make my escape, but he soon put me out of suspense by informing me that Uncle Joe had been to see him, and had told him that he was only trying Rose, and that he ment her to marry him (that's Obediah) all the time, and that he had given him the deed of the homestead, and told him to take Rose and be—*something* that wasn't pretty, and that he was now on his way to see her for the first time for three months.

Rose met us at the door, all smiles; but you never could imagine, unless you had seen it, the rush with which I threw myself into Uncle Joe's arms, or the compliments I bestowed upon him, among which was the very original and flattering one, that he was like a singed cat, &c., nor the way in which the rocking-chair first lost a rocker, and then to make matters worse, tumbled over with us both in it; nor how Trip, aroused to such ground and lofty tumbling, barked as if he was bigger than a pint of cider—which he wasn't; nor how we finished up the evening by a grand party, at which we made Uncle Joe dance, who never danced before; nor—in fact nothing could have been more delightful than the sudden transition from almost despair, to such intense happiness as we all experienced on that memorable New-Year's day and night at Uncle Joe Hilliard's!

Poor Bel! I was near forgetting her! Her senses returned by degrees, and after a few weeks' illness, it was thought advisable to send her for a time to an Uncle, who resided some miles distant in Vermont. With many assurances of love and promises of frequent letters, we saw her safely bestowed within the stage coach, and like all little excitements, the gossip about her illness and its cause, soon burnt itself out, and our village assumed again its usual placidity. The marriage of Rose, which happened some time in January, created some little sensation, and although a letter was despatched to Bel soliciting her presence, no answer came, nor could we learn what she was doing, or in fact whether she was alive. Two years had passed away, and still we were uncertain with regard to her fate. It was very remiss, to say the least of it, on the part of Bel, and surely we thought if she was very ill or dead, her uncle might have written us. At last, out of all patience, one fine morning in August I determined to visit her at her new home, and learn the attraction which made her so negligent of early friends. After a weary journey over interminable hills, we arrived in sight of the homestead of Bel's Uncle. As we neared the house, my fears began to increase, augmented, I confess, by the sight of a new-made grave, which gave an air of loneliness to the farm. I had always been a strenuous advocate of the principles of *first-love*, and in my reverie I think I was not quite sorry to have a proof of my arguments in the death of Bel! Of one thing I was convinced, that she, with her fragile temperament, could never survive the loss of her lover, or at least could never love *again*. *That* was a moral impossibility. As I went dreaming my way up through the corn field to the house, I observed a stout country-looking girl, who was busily employed picking blackberries from a basket and putting one in a bowl by her side and to two in a mouth that was pretty enough to coax any reasonable thing to be eaten by it. For a moment there was a stare—then a recognition: and away went the blackberries head over heels down the hill, and the prettiest pair of arms imaginable were flung around my neck with a force that very nearly caused me to follow the berries' example.

"Why don't you know me, Marion?" said she, when she could get breath to speak.

*Know her, indeed!* The provoking gipsy was as broad as she was long. I had a great mind not to know her anyhow, for growing so confoundedly out of the reach of romance, and to make matters worse, her laugh had woke the baby which had been sleeping in a cradle by the door, and it opened a pair of great blue eyes, wonderfully like Bel's. I began to look frightened and trouble, for my creed, and Bel began to blush and look as if she meditated escape.

"Now, Bel, you don't pretend to say that baby's *yours!*" said I in wonder.

"Wal, I guess it ain't nothin' shorter," said a voice from the ground, which seemed to me like that of a very undignified ghost, and a head popped out from a potato pit, followed by the longest, leanest, lankest body that ever came within the range of my eyes before.

"And this is your husband?" I questioned.

"Wal, *rayther*," was the brief reply.

You should have seen the stalking horse of my romance cut stick through the cornfield, and over the hills and far away," and from that day to this he has never been in a eatchable mood when the subject of *first-love* has been the theme of my imagination.

Now, girls, *I did* mean to make somebody die for your amusement—I did, indeed, and if any one of you is as indignant as I was at the perverseness of Bel, who insisted upon living, when, as a reasonable woman, she ought to have committed suicide, or at least pined herself to death, just lay the blame all on her shoulders.—They are broad enough to bear both your displeasure and mine, and the next time we meet I'll select for my heroine one who has a deeper sense of the obligation she owes to the world in general and you in particular.

### A Hard Shell's Hymn Book.

A traveler called at night-fall at a farmer's house the owner being from home, the mother and daughter being alone, refused to lodge the traveler. How far then, said he, to a house where a preacher can get lodging? Oh, if you are a preacher, said the old lady, you can stay here. He deposited the saddle-bags in the house, and led his horse to the stable. Meanwhile the mother and daughter were debating the point as to what kind of a preacher he was. He cannot be a Presbyterian, said the one, for he is not dressed well enough. He is not a Methodist, said the other, for his coat is not the right cut for a Methodist. If I could find his Hymn Book, said the daughter, I could tell what sort of a preacher he is; and with that thrush her hand into the saddle-bags and pulled out a flask of liquor, she exclaimed—"La! mother, he's a Hard Shelled Baptist!"

### Putting the question.

"Sally, don'tI like you?"

"La, Jim, I reckon so."

"But don't you know it, Sally? Don't you think I'd tear the eyes out of any tom-cat that dare to look at you for a second?"

"I s'pect you would."

"Well, the fact of it is, Sally, I—"

"Oh, now don't Jim: you're too sudden."

"And, Sally, I want to—"

"Don't say anything more now; I will—"

"But it must be done immediately I want you to—"

"Oh, hush, hush! don't don't say any more—"

"I want you to-night to get—"

"What! so soon? Oh, no—Impossible!—Father and Mother would be angry at *me!*"

"How? be mad for doing me such a favor as to us—"

"Yes, dear me! Oh, what a feeling!"

"But there is some mistake; for all I want to have you do is to *mend my trousers.*"

Sally could hear no more. She threw up her arms, screamed hysterically, and fainted away to dead as a log.

## Humorous Original Poetry.

Written for the Erie Observer.

### TO A COQUETTE.

BY DYLACK.

I care not for thy playful smile,
For underneath there lurks a guile,
Which meaneth something wrong.
I trusted once a smile—but once—
I found, at last, I was a—dunce!
And changed, for good, my song.

I care not for thy pleasant words,
They sound, to me, like mocking-birds,
Who warble to deceive!
I trusted once a word—but once—
I found, at last, I was a—dunce!
I cannot more "believe."

I care not for thy kindly looks,
They read, to me, like Hebrew books,
Whose lines will lead one back!
I trusted once a look—but once—
I found, too late, I was a—dunce!
And took the backward track!

I care not for thy blissful kiss,
It seems, to me, like Judusse's,
"Treason given to betray!
I trusted once a kiss—but once—
I found, too late, it was a—dunce!
And, ay, must answer nay!

I care not for thy charming self—
It smacks too much of sordid pelf,
My happiness 'twould mar!
I guessed once just such a self—but once—
So, don't bother me—I'm not a—dunce!
I'm smoking a cigar!

Honesdale, March 1851.

## A Tale of Truth.

### A WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

Who that has sat down in measureless content, and enjoying the pleasures which full gratification supplied, has not at times felt rising in the mind the painful inquiry, "How long will this last? What will occur to disturb the happiness which is now vouchsafed?" I never had an animal to which I was particularly attached—and I never had one from a cat to a horse to which I was not strongly attached—that I did not occasionally pause in my use or careless of it, and ask, "What will occur to deprive me of it—accident, escape, or death?"

In the midst of social enjoyment, when the duty of sustaining the amusement or the conversation has devolved upon another, how often will the inquiry arise, "How long will this last?" No sign of rupture is presented, no token of dissolution is observable: but there must be a rupture, there will be a dissolution. How will it come, and when?

I confess that such anticipations are not always the evidence of a well balanced mind—too often they come from a morbid state of feeling that frequently produce the very evils they suggest. The anticipation of evil is not so much the result of unhappy experience, as the consequence of a want of self-sustaining power.

Years ago it was my chance to be near a young woman at the moment when she was taking leave of a lover—She stood a moment and watched his departure, until by turning a corner he was concealed from her sight.

"Can it last?" said she to herself. "And why not?—If he loves me now, when my station and consequently my manners are less desirable than his, surely he must love me more when I have had the advantage of his association, and have constantly improved by that intercourse." She passed onward. I heard no other words, but her steps indicated a heart at ease, or if disturbed, it was the commotion of inexpressible pleasure.

"Can it last? and if not, when will it fail?" "How will its diminution manifest itself?" These are queries which arose in my mind often as I thought of the approaching nuptials. And once, a few days after the marriage, I saw her leaning against the trunk of a tree which was then in full blossom. She was evidently connecting her own new estate with the lovely hopefulness of the branches above her, and as she raised her eyes again, it was evident that she was thinking of the future, which was radiant with hope. For one moment a cloud seemed to pass over her face; it was rather doubt than pain.

She looked again at the tree and its munificence of *deep-l* frowns; not only share in the pleasures of home, but dismiss the pains. How holy is the office of a good wife, and how pure must be her sentiments, to derive the highest gratification by *producing the happiness of another.*

It was late in a summer afternoon, and by appointment the husband ought to have returned two or three hours before. The noise and revelry had for a long time disturbed the outer edge of the village in which the dwelling was situated—some vulgar frolic, hitherto kept in a distant part of the county, had been adjourned to that neighborhood—but the way of the husband did not lie in that direction. The wife had gone out frequently to watch for his approach, and to meet him with a smile of welcome—that smile which makes home delightful, which attracts and retains. She looked anxiously to the left, and stretched her eyes along the road in hope that some token of his approach would be presented. But there was none.

Even the dogs that had followed her out failed to give notice of his approach. She leaned over the railing with distrustful hope—he would come soon and repay her for all her anxiety by extraordinary evidences of affection. She summoned up for her consolation the thousand kindnesses of her husband, his constant changeless love, his resistance to those errors that marred the domestic happiness of so many families; and like a true wife she suffered the lustre of her own purity, excellence and affection, to gaild the character and conduct of her husband.

She was startled from her revery of delight and charity by an unusual outbreak of noisy debauchery from the wretched drinking house below. She leaned forward, and stood fixed in horror at the sight.

Her husband was in the midst of the riotous host, in sickening, disgusting familiarity with an abandoned one of her own sex.

She stepped back until an angle of her own house concealed from her the painful scene. A thousand previous matters that had scarcely excited a thought, became then of importance, in the explanation which was given in what she had seen. She raised her apron to her eyes but there were no tears; her hands dropped on the fence before her; a feeling came over her heart such as she had not before experienced.

She felt as a woman, regret for the loss of property—the mother had mourned the death of her child—the anxiety that had been felt for some slight errors in her husband; but property could be regained by labor, or relinquished without effort—every dream of the mother gave back to her heart her beloved child and refreshed with a spiritual intercourse; and every waking thought toward the dead one, was lustrous with the sense of his heavenly intercourse, and consoling in the promise of a future union—the errors of a husband, that do not imply dishonor, nor exhibit themselves as evidences of waning affection, may be amended or endured: but when the heart is suddenly overwhelmed with the evidence of shame, insult, dishonor; when all the purity of woman's thoughts is outraged with the *proofs of guilt*, and all the years of her charity and enduring love are dishonored by the unerring tokens of ingratitude and infamy, and the confiding, consoling, the truthful wife becomes the witness of the distraction of her domestic peace, despair sweeps over the heart like the blastings of the silent *moon*: and then all the unmentionable suffering of the woman, all the cherished sorrows of the daughter, the poignant anguish of the mother, are lost in the overwhelming torrent of "The Wife's First Grief."

the household affairs whether we have one farm or two."

The wife shed no tears. She was sorry that the husband should lose the social distinction consequent upon some property more than others possessed: but it was a pardonable feeling in her, that the loss of property placed her more upon his level, and removed something of the appearance of difference between them.

This, then was not much of a grief.

"It lasted yet."

The sudden death of the first-born child, a beautiful boy, was the next disturbing cause. I was not in the house during the short illness of the child, but I attended the funeral, and followed the body from the antique house of mourning to the churchyard. When the clods fell upon the coffin, I thought the heart of the mother would have burst. She leaned over to look down into the resting place of her child, and the arm of a friend seemed to prevent her from "going unto him."

And I said, "it lasts no longer."

The friend and neighbor led her back to her husband. The gentle look of affectionate sympathy which he gave her as he placed her arm within his, and drew her towards him that she might lean on his manly strength, showed me my mistake.

The mother had suffered but the affection, nay, the happiness of the wife, was now complete.

Could a mother be happy returning from the yet unsodded grave of her only child?

Death had softened her heart, and fitted it for the ministrations of new affection. The father had suffered in the death of the boy as well and as much as she, and yet at the moment of deepest anguish he had hushed his own grief that he might sustain her in her sorrow. The mother mourned but the wife rejoiced. How beautiful and beautifying for a moment had sorrow become. It seemed to me as if affection had never before possessed such charms: it needed affliction to make it apparent, as sunlight pouring through crevices into a darkened chamber becomes visible only by the floating particles that reflect the impinging rays.

The affairs of this couple were not so prosperous as the virtues, the industry, the economy, and the womanly excellence of the wife seemed to deserve, yet she never replined. I think the instances of excess on the part of the husband drew largely upon the forbearance of the wife, but as even the excess was accompanied with expressions of affection—they, though maudlin, seemed to compensate. The feeling, then, was rather slight—sorrow and deep mortification might have been felt—But these few instances, joined with some unaccountable decay of means, did not disturb the happiness of the wife—a happiness which seemed to me as a perpetual joy.

Was the woman apathetic? Had she no sensitiveness? Was she made to go through life with a gentle laugh, and drop into the grave with a smile? Her anguish at the death of her son proved the contrary.

The loss of property to one who had been poor before, seemed to produce no grief; and let the reader remember, or if he has not known the fact let him learn it, that the loss of property is more bitterly felt by those who have from poverty risen to possessions, than it is by those who from infancy to the disaster, had always been rich.

The loss of property produced no grief.

The death of her child led to a new affection for, and an enlarged joy in her husband.

His unfrequent, but still obvious departures, from sobriety, long unattended with rudeness or neglect did not offend the pride of his wife.

"It will last always," said I.

"I must mourn as a mother," thought she; "I must shield a portion of my social state, and I may once in a long time, be mortified by some low indulgence in my husband, but fixed, deep, permanent grief, as a wife, it is probable I am to be spared, as a comparison of my own condition with that of my husband, shows that in the course of nature I shall be spared the misery of mourning for his death, and be saved from the solitary woes of widowhood."

The loss of property rendered necessary more labor on the part of the husband, and that labor kept him more from his home than formerly, but the gentle welcome of the wife cheered the toil worn husband, and her delicate caress changed the gloom settling on his brow into the smiles of satisfaction. There was perhaps more pleasure in the efforts which she was making, to produce the evidence of gratification in her husband, than there was in the exchange of smiles of welcome and thanks.

The wife grew proud of her influence to bring him back to enjoyment; she felt a new consequence when she found that she could not only reciprocate smiles but *dispel* frowns; not only share in the pleasures of home, but dismiss the pains. How holy is the office of a good wife, and how pure must be her sentiments, to derive the highest gratification by *producing the happiness of another.*

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Her husband was

# Erie Weekly Observer.

ERIE, PA.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 29, 1851.


☞ Both branches of the Legislature have agreed to adjourn on the 15th. We are sincerely glad of it. They are only disgracing themselves and the State, and it is time they came home.

☞ A new post office has been established in Harborcreek, and J. Y. Moorhead, Esq., appointed Postmaster.

## From Harrisburg.

Our last advices from Harrisburg—the "seat of war"—are that Walker's "snake," after being referred to the committee on corporations in the House, met with a decided rebuke at the hands of that committee—it having been voted down, and reported back to the House with a negative recommendation. Whether it will stand the ordeal of the House, we have no means of forming an opinion. Before the committee Walker appeared as the pettifogger for his own bantling—a proceeding unheard of in legislation for a Senator to come down from his high position and enact the part of a "borer"—but it was useless. The bill was so manifestly unjust, outrageous, and beyond the pale of enlightened legislation that the committee, though opposed to our local interests, could not give it their sanction. We are in hopes it will meet with the same rebuke at the hands of the House.

## Our Borough Election.

The whigs had it all their own way at the Municipal election last Friday;—no Democratic ticket having been nominated, and very few Democrats taking the trouble to go to the polls, consequently if they did not elect all their caucus nominees it certainly was their own fault.—There were two volunteer candidates in the field—both Democrats—and, strange to say, both were elected. D. Zimmerman, Esq., for the third time, distanced the caucus candidate for Constable in the West Ward, while A. C. Landon, performed the same feat against the candidate for High Constable for the Borough. By the by, it is rumored—we know not upon what authority—that the whig Council take this last result so much at heart that they threaten to take the superintendance of the streets from the High Constable, a duty that officer has performed from time out of mind. Politically, we would like to see it done!

## Lynch Law.

We are no advocate of Lynch Law—yet there seems occasions and circumstances which sometimes demand, or at least, excuse its exercise. Such, we apprehend, will be the verdict of the public in relation to the horrible affair at Paulding, Miss., the details of which, in all their heart-sickning deformity, will be found in an other part of our paper. Cold and stiff-necked moralists may say that the people should have waited the slow but sure march of the Law, and perhaps they are right; but humanity is humanity every where, and that *father*, that BROTHER, that HUSBAND, who could look upon such a tragedy and maintain his stoic faith in the doom to come of the monster perpetrator, would be either below humanity, or so far above it that human justice would seem a mockery.

## "Base Ingratitude."

The Harrisburg correspondent of the Warren *Leger*, the senior Editor, we presume,—in a recent letter, in speaking of the Presidential question, says he has "never thought it expedient to take up a man who has once been beaten; but in the case of Gen. Cass, the thing has assumed a queer shape, and it appears to" him "it would be an act of the *basest ingratitude for the Democratic party to throw him overboard.*" We have as high respect for the services of Gen. Cass as any, yet as one of the Democratic party we can never submit to such a construction as the above being placed upon the relations existing between that party, and any of its candidates. If the party belongs to the candidate, and has received more services therefrom than the candidate from the party, then it would be "base ingratitude" for the party to throw the candidate overboard at any time: but if, as we apprehend the fact is, the candidate is the creature of the party, to be used when the party's interest demands, and "throw overboard" at pleasure, under like circumstances, then we can see no "base ingratitude" in the act condemned by the *Leger's* correspondent. In the peculiar case of Gen Cass, we can see no hardship, if the party shall see fit to "throw him overboard," and nominate some one else. All that Gen. Cass is, or has been, or is likely to be, he owes to the Democratic party. The Democratic party made him Governor of the North West Territory, a member of Gen. Jackson's Cabinet, a Minister, a Senator, and that they did not make him President, is no fault of theirs.—The obligation, then, is all on the side of the General, and in urging his nomination, his friends will do well to keep that fact in view, and not attempt to arrogate to themselves and their candidate, a position so revolting to the public mind as that of the *Leger's*.

☞ The vote on the final reading of the Free Banking Bill in the Senate, shows four democrats among the yeas, to three whigs in the negative. Mr. Crabb, Mr. Brooke, and Mr. Konigmacher, *were the whigs who voted against it.* Mr. Hoge, Mr. Ives, Mr. Guernsey, and Mr. Fraley, *were the Democrats who voted for it.* Mr. Stine and Mr. McMurtrie—whigs, Mr. Backlaw and Mr. Hugus—*Democrats*—were absent.

## Bankers Never Satisfied.

It has often been asserted by the opponents of Banking, that no matter how much banking capital be created, those who patronize such institutions would never be satisfied. Here is a case in point. Massachusetts has nearly one-sixth of the banking capital in the United States, and yet like Oliver Twist, they are crying for "more." The whole banking capital of the United States amounted at the commencement of the new year to about $227,000,000, of which Massachusetts has some thirty-seven millions, being seventy-five per cent. of the amount, with a population less than a million.

☞ *Our table has been graced this week with the first* number of the most perfect specimen of the typographical art *we ever saw.* We allude to "*Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion*," a new literary journal just started in Boston by F. GLEASON, and Edited by M. M. BALLOU, a gentleman of decided Literary talent, and whose pen we became acquainted with through the columns of the "Olive Branch," a long while ago. If beautiful typography, fine paper, and a melange of the best contributors in the several departments of Literature, accomplishments, arts, amusements, news, &c., can secure success, the "*Drawing Room Companion*," is destined to succeed. A specimen number can be seen at this office.

## "A Subscriber as is a Subscriber."

We have a subscriber upon our books who has taken the "*Observer*" ever since it started—a period of twenty-one years—and has always paid in in advance. Such patrons of a newspaper are few and far between, especially when a paper has changed hands as often as this previous to its coming into our possession. His name is ELI DANCEMER, Esq., of Wattsburg, and we record his name as a shining light for more to follow.

☞ Here is a fact, which we clip from the Buffalo *Courier*, which those who are throwing all the stumbling blocks in the way of our plank roads they can, would do well to read and ponder:

PLANK ROADS.—There are in this State nineteen plank roads, of the aggregate length of 2,106 miles, which cost $3,869,298, or an average cost per mile of $1,823. The stock in these roads has all been subscribed for by individuals, and all pay handsome dividends. The Troy and Lansingburg Road pays ten per cent. semi-annually; the Utica and Burlington twenty per cent.; and it is believed that none in operation pay less than ten per cent. annually. The value of land on the line of these improvements has also materially advanced—in some instances from $5 to $10 per acre.

☞ The Nashville Banner, whig, is opposed to Gen Scott, a mere "military man," who "is no politician," or the Presidency. It adds, "He ought *not* to be, and [illegible] to be the whig candidate." There is no [illegible] as is an opinion."

## As we Expected and Predicted.

When the news reached here of the passage through the Senate, by the instrumentality of John H. Walker, of the bill compelling the Franklin Canal Company and the Pittsburgh Railroad Company to build forty-five miles of the south end of their roads before they are allowed to take tolls on any other part of them, and *forbidding* the former company from uniting with any other road East or West, it created the most profound astonishment and alarm. Indignation and contempt for the author was upon the lips of every one. We said then that, no matter how stupendous the outrage—no matter how iniquitous its conception, or how much it might injure those of our citizens engaged in the construction of the Western road, the *Gazette* would become the defender of the act, and the apologist of its perpetrators. We knew the easy conscience of that concern so well—in an eight-year Editorial acquaintance, we have had so many opportunities to measure accurately its capacity to swallow the monstrosities of its party friends,—that we can tell to a hair its capacity in this particular. Confirmation, strong as Holy Writ, is now before us of the correctness of our prediction. This week it has come out flat-footed in defence of Walker, his backers, and his bill.—We shall not waste words in sifting the *Gazette's* apology. It is not necessary. The article itself shows that the whole difficulty consists in the fact that, after the passage of the gauge bill, it became morally certain that some body else besides Gen. Reed would build the Western road.—This must be stopped, and as there was no other means, this bill of Walker's was introduced—knowing well that if it passed, and stood the test of the Supreme Court, *no road could be built.* Indeed, Reed has declared over and over again, that under it he cannot build the western road. Actions, it is said, speak louder than words.—Actions then, prove to us that this bill was concocted in Erie, was sent to Harrisburg, was reported and passed the Senate, for the two-fold purpose of driving the Franklin Canal Company from the completion of their already commenced work, and of preventing any road from being made to the West. The *Gazette* says Reed and Walker desire to build a road to the Ohio line to connect with the Cleveland road. Where is the proof? Is it in the fact that the latter has procured the passage of a bill through the body of which he is a member which the former publicly declares *will prevent him from building the Western road.* Here again actions speak louder than words. An excuse was necessary for not building a road west—*that* excuse John H. Walker furnishes in his bill. But, says the *Gazette*, Walker, Reed, & Co.'s interest is to have a road to the west—their property is all located here, and a western road will benefit it much. This would be true, but these men having found that they could not build the road themselves, pay for it in stock, and thus line their pockets, have bestrode the chimera that by stopping the road here, and preventing any western connection, they will build up a magnificent city, and their real estate become as valuable as a California gold mine. Step upon the street at any hour of the day, and this preposterous idea will be heard advocated by every hanger-on of theirs in town. What a preposterous idea then, to talk about *their* interest preventing them from desiring the road to stop here! It is true Reed owns some stock in the road East,—not "his largest investment," as the *Gazette* has it—but that is already secure for eight per cent, while three of his boats are already chartered *for part of the season*, for the nice little sum of $65,000 clear. Gen. Reed's interest may be to build a road west *sometime*—not however until his boats are worn out, and no longer afford such a revenue! At any rate, this bill of Walker's is a most excellent excuse for backing out of the Pittsburgh and Erie charter *for the present*, or until relieved from its burthens by future legislation! Actions, we repeat, speak louder than words!

## New Mail Routes.

Among other new routes established by the Post Route Bill, passed at the last session of Congress, are the following:

From Erie, Pennsylvania, via McKean's Corners, Wells's Corners, Venango, and Searight's town, to Meadville, Pennsylvania.

From Columbus, Warren county, Pennsylvania, via Cook, Erie county, to Spartensburg, Crawford county, Pennsylvania.

From Fairview, Erie county, via Sterrett's Mills, and Franklin, to Edenboro', in same county.

From Titusville, Crawford county, via Chapmanville and Sugar Lake, to Meadville.

From Warren, in Warren county, to Little Valley, in New York.

From Meadville, Crawford county, via Chapmanville, Titusville and Enterprise, to Stem Mills Post Office, Warren County.

From Tionista, Venango county, via Hawley's Saw Mill, to Tidioute, Warren County.

From Mercer, in Mercer county, via New Hamburg, to West Greenville.

☞ We like consistency. It is a heaven-born pearl, *fit to be worn by preacher or politician*, Editor or layman. Few, however, put it on with their holiday suits, but leave it at home with their cast-off small-clothes, hat, boots, &c., &c. We notice among our Democratic *cotemporaries* in the Eastern part of the State, a great deal of indignation manifested against the Free Banking system. How they do foam and fret, fume and sputter, with anti-bank indignation! They are glorious anti-bank Democrats! But, hark! The Legislature grants a charter to establish a corporate Bank in their vicinity, and hosannas go up from every mother's-son of them at the glorious result. We like consistency, we repeat—and no anti-bank Democrat, if he be sincere, is our beau ideal of a true politician—but from such Democratic Editors as reserve all their indignation for banks "afar off," but have never a word to say against them when granted for their own locality, good Lord deliver us!

☞ Gen. W. Cullem, who shot and killed Thomas Davidson, at Gainesboro', Tenn., while at court, was, on the 10th inst. unanimously nominated to represent his district in Congress, by the whig convention at Gallatin, Tennessee. If this had been a Democratic transaction, what oceans of tears our whig cotemporaries would shed over the degeneracy of "Locofocoism."

☞ The town of Sandwich, Mass., is blessed with "City Fathers" worth having. The other day, among other commendable acts, they voted that each family have one barrel of herrings, and that the Selectmen employ some suitable person to take charge of the river and take the herrings. The Sandwich Observer highly approves of this "Peace Measure," "inasmuch as many families last year failed to obtain their share of this delectable fish, much to their disappointment."

☞ *Good News for Yankees.*—They have taken to grinding pumpkins into flour in Massachusetts, by means of which pumpkin pies, the "peculiar institution" of New England, may be enjoyed at all seasons and in all parts of the world. The "United Society" of Shakers, at Harvard, Mass., are the patentees.

☞ *Sensible.*—The Fredonia *Censor* has been forced to adopt the rule of charging as advertisements, all obituary notices hereafter. We long since excluded them altogether from our columns, pay or no pay.

☞ Hon. Geo. W. Woodward has recently published a letter in which he declines being considered a candidate for the Supreme Bench. He says: "My purpose is fixed, and I cannot anticipate circumstances that would induce me to change it, to avoid all judicial office, and devote myself, for a few years at least, to a professional life."

☞ The New York Evening *Post* speaks of the conduct of the English toward the South American States as manifesting "the boldness of a bully and the inhumanity of pirates." We are surprised that the *Post* should be so severe upon the countrymen of his friend, George Thompson, the abolition lecturer.

## "Aid and Comfort."

As no "aid and comfort" has as yet been extended to the *man* who misrepresents this District in the Senate by his constituents, it will perhaps be gratifying to some in this vicinity who believe in his infallibility, to know that a Railroad meeting has been held in Mercer county, and resolutions passed *approving* his course in preventing the passage of a bill which, his especial mouth piece, the *Gazette*, "fears will defeat any western connection."

## LETTER FROM HARRISBURG.

Correspondence of the Erie Observer.

HARRISBURG, MARCH 21, 1851.

*Dear Sir:*—I know you are very anxious to hear from this place, and I only regret I am unable to give you any news of a refreshing character. A strong disposition exists here to prevent the construction of any Railroad west of Erie. Pittsburgh and Philadelphia have the defeat of this measure at heart. To help them in this design they have the prejudice of all, combined with the interest of the Central Railroad. To resist this influence it requires the wisdom, energy and prudence of the liberal minded every where. But to make our sacrifice complete and our downfall inevitable Walker and Reed have united with Crabb, who has for a series of years headed the opposition to Erie. In Erie county it is pretended that Walker and Reed desire a railroad connection west. It is now admitted here by all that these men are *true* Pennsylvanians of the Philadelphia stamp. The bill which has passed the Senate, and I fear will pass the House, if it becomes a law, is death to the construction of a road West of Erie. Those who advocate the passage of this bill do not do so upon the grund that it will destroy the Franklin Canal company and advance the Pittsburgh road, but because it will kill both. If put upon any other ground it could not become a law. Mr. Gulbraith is here, and has as many warm friends as any man within my acquaintance, but the Erie county members have got up a prejudice against him by representing him as having conspired with incorporated railroad companies East and West, in *other states*, to construct a road which, if completed, will enable the traveling public to reach New York *without passing through* Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. They forget that this travel, they so greedily covet, will pass from Detroit to Buffalo through Canada as soon as that road, now under contract, shall be completed. *The only thing I admire in this project of* Walker's to defeat a western road is its boldness. It is bold to desperation, for it not only defeats the construction of any road west, but it endangers our connection east. Satisfy eastern men—and they soon will be satisfied—that Erie wants only to get them to Erie, and there compel travel to take the *stage or* Reed's boats west, and my word for it, they will compromise by stopping at Dunkirk. Erie will then "stand *alone* in her glory"—damn'd at both ends and cursed in the middle! Efforts that promise results like these, is nothing short of treason!

Judge Gillis, an efficient and energetic gentleman from Elk county, is trying to resuscitate the Erie and Sunbury road. A bill for that purpose has passed the House, but has encountered opposition in the Senate, and that, as I learn from Judge G. himself, at the hands of the Senator from Erie by loading it with such restrictions as would render it nugatory, even should it pass. If this is so I shall take back any opinions I may have heretofore expressed in regard to Walker's opposition to Mr. Gulbraith flowing from personal motives, and be forced to the conclusion that he is operated upon by more *substantial* considerations than "holy hatred" of the President of the Franklin Canal Company. But isn't this whole affair most remarkable—Walker of Erie, and Crabb of Philadelphia, walking in the same harness to defeat every measure dear to Erie.

As to our Plank Roads, they are meeting the same opposition. Walker is opposed to taking township roads, and to build them this privilege must be obtained.

Yours truly, ERIE.

☞ The Editor of the Conneaut *Reporter* is the most perfect specimen of an "innocent Abigal" we ever encountered. He never indulges in the language of a blackguard, not at all—except when he speaks of Pennsylvania; and it is quite shocking to his double refined nerves to hear others! Hence, he does not like our taking him to task last week in language, plain 'tis true, but just, for his slander of our state and town. Well, we can't help it—he must dislike it! 'Tis true he calls us a "blackguard" for so doing, but is very careful not to attempt to controvert any of the facts we called his attention to, and which prove incontestibly that he is a——not exactly a gentleman, or given to truth and veracity. It may be true that we are sometimes given to "rough pen and ink marks," but then we always select some mark that has the means of defending itself, and not like the Editor of the *Reporter*, stab at a whole community in order to escape personal responsibility. That is a species of cowardice we are never guilty of—we leave its exercise to such refined gentlemen of the quill as the Editor of the Conneaut *Reporter*.

☞ We like a "bull," especially if it's a good one. A correspondent of the *Gazette* perpetrates one this week which we call decidedly good—as perfect as could be produced by the rawest kind of a pallander. In speaking of the G ard railroad resolutions, he says they purport to have been adopted "*unanimously*." This, he continues "is a mistake," "There were some present who *did not vote.*"

☞ Call at Harris' "Alhambra," under the "Keystone Buildings," if you wish for any of the delicacies, eatable or drinkable, of the season. It is the pink of saloons, and Harris is a prince of a caterer for the appetite.

## New York and Erie Railroad.

This improvement which extends from the city of New York to the town of Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, will be completed and ready for the transportation of passengers and freight about the 1st of June.—*Dem. Union.*

Why could not this *Pennsylvanian* paper have extended its announcement above far enough to have informed its readers that this great improvement would end at "the town of Dunkirk, on Lake Erie," only until the first of August—that after that Erie, a growing city in *its own* State, would be the terminus of that great road? We notice such manifest slights, because there is such lamentable ignorance among the people East of the Mountains in regard to everything appertaining to the improvement or advancement of this end of the State. And what is the strangest part of it, their papers seem to take delight in keeping their ignorance impenetrable.

☞ The Abolitionists are a philanthropic race, there is no doubt of that. Not a cent will they give to free a negro from slavery, but do not hesitate to make liberal donations to slave States—among the most generous of this latter class of donations is that of $19,000 to the State of Maryland. Maryland is pretty largely in debt, and such a donation from such a source, will without doubt be fully appreciated, especially by the Slave holding population. Least there should be some misapprehension in regard to the character of this transaction, we will say the above amount was forfeited recently in the case of Chaplin, the abolitionist, indicted for an assault, &c., with fire arms, on the parties who arrested him in Montgomery, Md., while abducting the slaves of Messrs. Toombs and Stevens from Washington last winter.

☞ The Governor has appointed JAMES MILES, Esq., of Girard, Associate Judge of this county, vice Myron Hutchinson, Esq., whose commission has expired. He is a whig, but opposed to Walker, Reed & Co.

☞ George A. Chapman, formerly editor of the Indiana State Sentinel, died at Indianapolis on the 10th inst. Poor Chapman, he will "crow" no more!

☞ We hear it rumored that Jos. S. M. Yocum, Esq. Editor of the late "*Morning Transcript*," Pittsburgh, is about to become the editor and proprietor of the "*Commercial Advertiser*," of this city. We hope it is so, for Joseph is a "game chicken," a Scott and Johnston bird, and will crow when he pleases, or have a fight.

☞ HON. THOMAS BURNSIDE, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of this State, died at Germantown on the evening of the 25th inst.

☞ JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, who has recently received for the second time, the appointment of Consul at Tunis, is the author of the words of that most popular of English songs, "Home, Sweet Home."

The Legislature has passed a bill granting Dr. Wetherill a divorce. When will a stop be put to this disreputable business?—*Gazette.*

When the more "disreputable business" of *bachelor*ing becomes universal.

☞ A man in St. Louis refused to buy a horse named Tom Benton, after a partial bargain to do so, and gave as a reason that Tom Benton wouldn't obey instructions, and was refractory. The reason was held to be good.

## LETTER FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

Correspondence of the Erie Observer.

RIO GRAND CITY, Feb. 22, 1851.

*Dear Frank:*—How I envy you of the north, your blustering jolly snow storms, your merry sleigh rides, and then to think of the Christmas pies, etc. and the holliday parties and balls, and such cherry lip'd rosy cheeked girls.

"Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,
* * * *
Where the Citron and Olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightengale never is mute—
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky
In color, though varied, in beauty may vie"

Oh, yes my Lord, that's very nice in song, but surely a little variety would help us out amazingly. It is quite pleasant, no doubt, to find your path strown with flowers wherever you go, but then who loves the scathing eternal glare of the sun, trying one into a mummy, with its sickening heat; no rest, no change, but like a remorseless tyrant, from year in, till year out, he rides you down with the burning wheels of his ceaseless car.

Here have we been for the last three months expecting such a change of season as one might, by a stretch of the imagination, call 'winter.' True, "our hopes have been blasted" once or twice by a refreshing gust from the good old north,—just enough to tantalize one. They used to have a story about a *rainy season* down this way, but I believe that humbug has been exploded. Our gardens were greener the 10th of January than in mid-summer, from which it would appear that the season which produces for you, nothing but red-ish noses, brings us onions and other garden vegetables. But I intend to write an almanic next year, and explain the whole mystery. I should like to astonish you with the history of some desperate revolution on the other side of the 'Rio Grande,' and no doubt could, if a certain yankee army had not once over-run the country, and convinced them of the ridiculous figure they cut in the eyes of the world, by playing the pugnacious pygmy, instead of learning, and practising one or two lessons in political economy.

Arista's administration has not yet developed itself. They'll perhaps smoke again, then sleep on it, then eat, sleep again, and finally dissolve themselves into a most delightful state of the "*quien sabe.*"

Commerce has been rather lively along the border for the last three months, and our adventures would have done quite well, if the custom house guards had not greatly reduced their profits, by some very heavy seizures.

One gentleman had $25,000 in silver seized.—He could have got the money back with a small bribe, but smarting under the rank injustice of the act he refused, and will not probably ever recover a cent from the Mexican government. Large stocks of goods have gone the same way.

We had an arrival at this point, a few days since from Santa Fe, New Mexico; two officers of the U. S. Army, with twenty quarter masters men, via. Chihuahua, Parras, Saltillo, Monterey, &c.—They travelled over seventeen hundred miles, and were nearly three months upon the road. Fast train, that.

The Indians met government agents some two months since, on the San Saba river, in Texas, and had one of the most pacific talks imaginable; but no sooner had they accomplished this great feat of policy, than they were down on us, "like a thousand of brick." Several murders were committed between this point and Larredo. Ford's Rangers got among them again, and made the country too hot to hold them.

An officer of captain F's company, Lieut. Burleson, was sent to San Antonio with an Indian prisoner, in pursuance of the aforesaid treaty, and returning with seven men, when within about forty miles of Larredo, they espied three Indians on the prairie dismounted. The lieutenant instantly made chase, and soon coming up with them, the rangers threw themselves from their saddles, seeming to mean an advantage; scarcely had they accomplished this, and closed upon the Indians when eleven others started up from their hiding place,

"As if by magic, from the earth
There sprang at once this warlike birth"

"The bracken bush and willow wand,
Bristled into axe and brand;
And every tuft of broom gave life,
To plaided warrior armed for strife."

Here was now eight white men to fourteen Indians, all on foot. The latter feeling secure of their prey, and relying confidently on their superiority of numbers, closed within ten or fourteen feet. The arrows flew in showers, and nothing saved the Texan scalps, but the six shooting rifles. Burleson had most fortunately drawn from the arsenal at San Antonio, Colt's patent rifle, and armed his party with them, and the 'boys' just turned them loose on the Indians, and in a short time there were but three sound red skins on the ground. One ranger was killed, and the lieutenant, and four of his men wounded. This, as the lawyers say, happened on, or about, the 14th of January, 1851. Taking this all in all, it is the most deadly rencounter I have heard of with the Camanches, and reflects great credit upon the coolness, courage and activity of the rangers. Lieut. B., is the son of one of the oldest and most successful Indian fighters in Texas, and I think, has proven himself a very worthy chip of the old block."

Lieut. A. J. Walker, also of Capt. F's command, about the same time, with another party of rangers, did his country some service. 'Andy' with a couple of men, was out in search of a fatted calf or two, wherewith to replenish his larder, when he stumbled upon some horses and mules hobbled out, and such other Indian signs, as induced him to send to camp for assistance. With this reinforcement, he kept watch and ward over the hobbled animals for three days, and just at sun-set of the third day along came Mr. Camanche, with a fine drove of horses and mules. Now was his time, and bursting from his retreat, his party dashed upon them, taking them completely by surprise. It was hot work for a short time, but the rangers had them on the hip, and drove them like chaff; six of the rangers were wounded, and the lieutenant thinks he did the Indians "some dirt." The entire herd fell into the hands of the victors. Walker is a man of the 'Kit Carson' stamp: he would not be appreciated in the senate hall, or the saloons of the literary or fashionable, though a young man of gentlemanly bearing—but he mits most luminous rays among the far-westers. He tells quite jocosely of a three years siege he had in the old field school house, in the vain attempt to master the mysteries of reading and writing. At last, when he was on the point of "caving," he happened to see his favorite uncle subscribing to a deed. "Eureka," quoth "Andy"—for it struck him that the cross which his uncle substituted for his signature, was the handsomest thing he had ever seen in his life, and regreting the useless expenditure of time and labor at school, in as much as the 'cross' answered the double purpose of reading and writing, besides being very ornamental, he quit school and took to the prairies. He "beats 'em all" with the five-shooter, possesses quick natural intelligence, is cool in the hour of danger, to which by a thousand vicissitudes he is innured, is recklessly brave, and woe be unto the *mosito* [illegible] that Andy "taps."

We get a mail here, about once in four weeks, from New Orleans; it is *rumored* here, that California has been admitted as a state into the union.

No more from your loving cousin,

ORMSBY.

## Summary of California News by the Crescent City.—$1,000,000 in Gold Dust.

The steamship Crescent City, from Chagres, via Kingston, Jamaica, reached New York last night. She brings over half a million in gold dust.

SHOCKING MURDERS ON THE ISTHMUS.—A letter from Chagres dated March 12, in the Herald, gives an account of some awful murders committed on the Chagres River on the 20th ult.

Mr. Runnels of Panama found the dead body of a man floating in the river. Further on, the bodies of four men and a woman, and two new made graves, from which, the buzzards had exhumed the bodies. He also found the graves of two women who had been murdered. Several trunks, a valise and a money belt, all rifled, which probably belonged to some of the victims, were found. The only names found were that of Joseph Brooks, of Dey street, New York, with a memorandum that he left home in the Empire City on the 13th of February, and that of H. Ruduschinder. Two Carthagena negroes have been arrested on suspicion of the murders. They have been sent to Panama, for trial.—Mr. Corwine, the American Consul at Panama, was using every means to ascertain and arrest the true authors of the crimes; $3,500 had been raised and offered as a reward for them.

The same letter mentions the murder of Lyman G. Marden, of Boston, by a gambler named M'Clure at Panama on the 23d ult.

The news from San Francisco by this arrival is to February 15th, two weeks later than previous advices. We subjoin such news as possesses any interest.

THE GOLD BLUFF.—The Chesapeake returned from Gold Bluff on Saturday, and from the number of passengers who returned in her, the public will get the impression that the "fortune for all," which was supposed to be in that particular locality for the mere picking up, is not of as golden a nature as was anticipated.

From one of the passengers of the Chesapeake, we learn that the bank in the vicinity of the Bluff, and for several miles north and south of it, contains large quantities of black sand, in all of which may be found what is termed "scale gold," but in particles so fine as to prevent its being separated from the sand by the ordinary process of washing; and that mining can only be made profitable by the labor of well organized companies, aided by such machinery or apparatus as will enable them to assay, or precipitate by acids.

Our informant also extended his examination to the Bluff, but his impressions were anything but satisfactory. He expresses the opinion, however, that the same obstacle to success presents itself there, as in the case of the sand found upon the beach, and that the whole undertaking will ere long be abandoned, because of the expense and labor attending the separation of the gold from the foreign substances with which it is found to be thoroughly mixed.—*Pacific News.*

FROM THE MOKELUMNE.—We had a conversation with a gentleman yesterday, upon whose word we can place the utmost reliance, who informed us that an immense discovery of gold has lately been made upon a hill in the vicinity of the Mokelumne river, which had never previously been wrought.—A party of four struck upon the very summit, some three weeks since, and, by digging down fifteen feet, have thus far, extracted over $1,000. The gold, although much coarser, is similar in color to that found in the vicinity of Nevada, black and rustic. The gentlemen who have been working this have had much difficulty in washing, being obliged to convey their dirt a great distance to water. The continued discoveries which are being made upon the hill tops are opening new resources in the mineral wealth of California. The idea that the gold of California has been exhausted, is ridiculous in the extreme.—*The Californian.*

OTHER METALS AND MINERALS.—The California Quicksilver Mines are said to be yielding rich profits. The Placer Times says that the mines are now worked extensively, the produce amounting to several millions of dollars the present season, and that the yield from the ore is almost past belief. Eighty five per cent. of pure mercury is not an uncommon yield.

A bed of fire clay, of magnesia, 150 feet high, is also said to have been discovered on Pitt River, about five days journey from Goose Lake. Beautiful specimens of coal and fine slate are also said to have been discovered on Goose Lake, which lies in a valley about 70 miles beyond the Sierra Nevada.

ELECTION OF U. S. SENATOR.—Both branches of the Legislature had finally agreed to meet in Joint Convention on Monday the 17th of February, for the purpose of electing of U. S. Senator, in place of J. C. Fremont, whose term of office expires on the 4th of March next. The chances were said to favor Colonel Fremont. The other candidates were T. Butler King and Mr. Hayde [illegible].

ANOTHER INDIAN BATTLE.—Another battle has taken place between the Indians and the whites of Mariposa Co. We copy the following letter of Judge Marvin to Col. Miller of the State Senate, from the San Jose Argus:

* * * * There is recent news from your District of another battle having been fought, the particulars of which I give you below. After the fight with the Indians, in which Major Burney and Sargs were engaged, you will recollect that some of the party returned to Mariposa for provisions and reinforcements. Some 150 men were raised, and divided into two parties, Savage taking one party and the Major the other. Savage went near the elbow or curve of the San Joaquin, where he met the Indians, and with whom he had a running fight that lasted nearly all day. Some 40 indians were killed and about 50 horses and mules captured. None of the attacking party were killed but several were wounded. The indians were completely routed and driven off. Major Burner's party has not been heard from.

LYNCH LAW IN THE GOLD DIGGINGS.—A correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, writing from Nevada City, California, January 24, has the following:

Some of my previous letters have given you a peep into our election scenes, and our Alcalde's method of proceeding in civil cases. Here are one or two instances of a very common mode of administering justice to criminals in our midst.

A drunken Englishman, named Divine, murdered his wife under circumstances of unusual cruelty.—During their whole residence in Georgetown, she had supported him and their children by her own industry. He asked her one morning for some money to gamble with, but she told him to wait till he was sober. He rushed across the room for a pistol, but she anticipated him and threw it into a bucket of water. He then leaped into the street, and snatched a rifle from the shoulder of a passer-by, returned and shot her through the heart.

It was Sunday, and as usual the places of resort were filled by miners, who invariably spend that holiday in town. The report of a rifle in the street, was nothing unusual, but the tale of horror flew as only rumor can fly, and in five minutes the house was filled. In such a country as ours, and under such circumstances as these, men act rather than speak. A neighboring "Round Tent," [our gambling houses are often turned into court rooms on account of their size,] was selected as the scene of trial. The prisoner was led in, and then, before a word was spoken, another party brought in the body of his wife, just as she fell, with the dark blood *oozing from* her breast. She was gently laid on a large table near her husband. The sight stung the people into frenzy. No one thought of wasting words in a trial. The prisoner was seized, and hurried toward a little eminence overlooking the village, from where the noose of a lariat swung significantly from a tree.

Just at this moment, a man of great influence with the people of that vicinity attempted to persuade them to postpone their design until a Coroner's inquest should be held upon the body, and a summary trial, but still a trial, had, after their verdict. With much difficulty he succeeded, on condition that the inquest and trial should both be held on that day; and, as the Coroner was at Columa, four o'clock was given as the last moment. An express was sent to Columa, and, to save time, a jury empanneled, to act instantly upon his arrival. They sat together in the tent with the prisoner and body. The mob waited outside, but were not unemployed. A deep pit was dug at the foot of the tree: and all the solemn furniture of the grave prepared.

As four o'clock approached, the silence of the mob was broken by deep whispers and hoarse murmurs. Rifles, pistols and bowie-knives were freely displayed. This did not escape the notice of the jury, and they began, not unnaturally, to fear for their own safety. At last when the sun was low in the west, the mob could wait no longer, but tore up the sides of the tent and rushed in, just in time to see the last juryman escaping by a back way. They went at their task without a word. At the head of a long procession, the murderer marched to his gallows, and the body of his wife was borne close behind him. The children—thank Heaven!—were not there; but even in that stern scene, they were not forgotten. A small box, marked 'For the Orphans,' was nailed to the tree, and many an ounce was poured into it from the purses of those who followed the father to his death.

The body of the murdered woman was lowered into a wide pit, and even while the wretched man gazed upon it, and upon that empty but significant box by his side, the chord suddenly tightened around his neck, and he swayed in the air. The mob sat on the hill side and sternly watched him.

At the end of half an hour, he was cut down and laid in the grave by the side of his wife. In five minutes, Georgetown was as still as that lonely grave upon the hill. Not a man was to be seen in the streets; no one knew anything of that lawless mob.

In the evening the Coroner arrived, and upon hearing the story, summoned his jury for the following morning. They met at sunrise upon the hill, and stood around the unfilled grave, while the end of a cut cord dangled above their heads. They exchanged a few words, and after laying a slip of paper on each one of the bodies, proceeded to fill up the grave. Upon one of these slips was written, 'Murdered by —— Divine, her husband,' and upon the other, 'Died according to the will of God, by the justice of men.'

It is reported that arrangements have been made between Gen. Reed and the New York and Erie Railroad Company, by which the Sultana, Keystone State, and Louisiana are to run between Dunkirk and Detroit during the ensuing season, connecting with the N. Y. and Erie railroad. It is not stated whether arrangements have been made with Dunkirk harbor to allow the said boats at all times and in all weathers.—*Buff. Rep.*

☞ The Ohio papers are now engaged in the discussion of the important question, "Is Senator Wade a Whig?" Of course he is a "Whig," and nothing else. A man can be a "Whig," and profess any sort of principles or no principles at all. Pray don't make it appear that Mr. WADE is any thing but a "Whig."

☞ The New York *Express* learns that the contract of the New York and Erie railroad between Dunkirk and about nine miles east of Little Valley, Cattaraugus county, will be completed by the 25th of April next, and a train will pass over the section between those points on that day.

## MARRIED.

In Waterford, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Dyer, Mr. WILLIAM BOYD and Mrs. HANNAH [illegible].

## DIED.

On the 24th inst., in this city, Mrs CAROLINE R. COOK, wife of J. B. Cook, Esq., aged 22 years.

At his residence in Elkcreek township, DAVID MATTHEWS, in the 63th year of his age.

At Gaines Station, Panama Railroad, on the [illegible] February last, Mr. WILLIAM BENEDICT, step-father to S. L. Foster, Esq., of this place, aged 21 years.

At Union Mills, Laporte county, Ind., on the [illegible] Mr ASA WORDEN, in the 63d year of his age, formerly of this county.

On the evening of the 5th inst., at his residence in Harborcreek, Mr. ORIS FIELD, aged 45 years.


ANOTHER SCIENTIFIC WONDER!

PEPSIN; an artificial Digestive Fluid, or Gastric Juice. Dyspepsia cured, prepared from Rennet, or the fourth stomach of the Ox, after directions of Baron Liebig the great German Chemist by J. S. Houghton, M. D., No. 11[illegible] Philadelphia, Pa. This is a truly wonderful remedy, [illegible] Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Debility, curing after nature's own method by an artificial Gastric Juice. See advertisement in another column.

A SMALL CONSIGNMENT OF THE ABOVE [illegible] JUST RECEIVED, AND FOR SALE BY E. M. BROTHER, NO. 6, REED HOUSE. Also, by D. L. [illegible] No. 1, HUGHS' BLOCK.

☞ RELIGIOUS NOTICE.—Rev. G. V. Maxfield, Rector of the Universalist Church, on Nicholson street, will preach in the usual hours.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

C. ANDRE,

Agent of J. Andre Orr, of Rochelle, Dept. of Ille et Vilaine, France, Commercial Merchandise, wholesale and retail, No. 10, Second st., Carondelet street, Philadelphia.

NEW GOODS AT CLARKE'S!

THE first edition of the Spring Goods has arrived, and those of receiving their goods in time for the opening of the season, will please call. Erie, March 29, 1851.

SAW LOGS.

A QUANTITY of Hemlock Saw Logs were taken up by the subscriber without a few days, on the 6th inst., and the owner is requested to identify, pay charges and take possession of the same. Erie, March 29, 1851. CHAS. MILLER.

Take Notice!!

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the Estate of the late Sarah C. Hayes, are requested to call and settle the same before the 15th of April, as after that time the Books will be left with the proper officer for collection.

WM. A. BROWN,
W. HAYES,
JOHN W. HAYES, } Adm'rs.

March 29, 1851.

CASH! CASH!!

I WILL pay cash for 5,000 bushels Corn.

Erie, March 29 1851. C. M. TIBBALS.

CLOVER and Timothy Seed for sale by

March, 29. C. M. TIBBALS.


*To the Hon. Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of Erie County.*

The petition of R. S. Brawley of North East Borough, in said county, respectfully represents, that he is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strang

## A Tale of Horror.

The *paulding*, (Miss.) *Clarion*, of March 1st, contains the following account of a tragedy in that vicinity:

Since the time when the midnight murder of Dr. Longon and family sent a thrill of horror through this community, no event has created a deeper sorrow and more prevading indignation than the assassination on Tuesday last, of Mrs. Mary Dixon, wife of John Dixon, and her infant child, at her residence in the neighborhood of Wm. Bridges, Esq., by Haley, a negro man belonging to Mr. Zachariah Thompson. Having been summoned on the Coroner's Jury, we went in person to the scene of a horrible tragedy, saw the mutilated body of the murdered woman, the severed throat of her infant, and witnessed, without regret, the summary and terrible, but still inadequate expiation of his triple and atrocious crime by the monster. The revolting facts are briefly these:

On Tuesday morning, Mr. Dixon, unconscious of the awful doom impending over his family, started from home in quest of cattle. His little son, an artless child, a few months over two years old, started fondly after him, pursuing him some distance, unnoticed by the father and undiscovered by the mother. Mrs. Dixon soon missed the boy, and went after him, and called him to return. She was then approached by the brutal villain Haley, who at once offered such indignities as the virtue and pride of civilized woman resents and resists, even at the peril of life. She repelled the advances of the bestial monster, "yielding neither to threats nor disgusting importunities," which he felled her to the earth.

She asked at the hands of the fiend, life—life, that she might prepare for her solitary remaining hour—a refuge for her crushed spirit in Heaven!—But the ruffian heeded not; he spurned the prayer of the wife injured beyond reparation, and beat her on the head with pine limbs, and stabbed her till she died! Bruised, mangled, and defiled, lay the corpse of this lady, whom a husband had greeted gladly and unsuspectingly a few hours before, presenting a spectacle too hideous, too replete with horrible memories, for an unavgrated eye. The infant was found about thirty steps from the mother, its throat cut twice, with long deep gashes. It is probable the little child was the last victim—and that the last aspiration of her unutterable agony fell appalling upon his infant ear, before the cold knife of the monster assassin passed over the throat of the innocent creature.

The attendence of the Coroner was procured on Wednesday, and the jury, after a patient investigation, returned the following verdict:

"The said jurors do upon their oaths say—that the said Mary Dixon came to her death from blows inflicted by a certain negro man slave named Haley, the property of Zachariah Thompson of Jasper county, that is to say, her skull was fractured, and also her lower jaw and cheek bone on the left side—her neck was dislocated, and also her left shoulder—the little finger was broken on the left hand—her left ear was badly mutilated—she had three cuts on her neck, supposed to be inflicted by a knife, one of them entering into the wind pipe, another the jugular vein, and the other a small cut on the left side of the neck. A large cut was on the lower part of the breast bone. A cut was also on her left arm, and some scratches and marks of violence on the right thigh, which indicated the purpose of the said slave Haley. The said Zachariah Dixon came to his death as follows—by two wounds inflicted by a knife one entering the windpipe, the other the carotid artery on the left side, which were inflicted by the said slave Haley."

When Haley was arrested his clothes were stained with blood, and the wretch attempted, and did throw away his knife. After being severely whipped, he made a confession. His implication of the [illegible] is entirely discredited by the citizens in the [illegible] by various circumstances strongly [illegible] to the execution of the latter. On Tuesday [illegible] two hundred persons assembled, including [illegible] females. The guilt of Haley was too manifest [illegible] and while indignation was at its height, [illegible] and curdled at the vivid recollection of the [illegible] deed, it was proposed that Haley be [illegible] to death. To this proposition there was not [illegible] dissent, if we except the officers of the [illegible] in compliance with their sworn duty, protested against the illegality of the act. All were [illegible] in the instant and signal punishment of the [illegible] murderer. Accordingly he was borne [illegible] chained to it, and surrounded with light [illegible] wood. It is worthy of remark that the [illegible] present evinced commendable abhorrence to [illegible] and criminal, and assisted with alacrity [illegible] punishment.

The Bingham, Mass., Journal says: "We have a [illegible]—a veritable giant, and no mistake. [illegible] McDonald is but 19 years old, so he is said [illegible] nearly eight feet high, and still growing. [illegible] well proportioned, intelligent looking, and, [illegible] he attains maturity, will be a tall one. His shoes are sixteen inches long, and his [illegible] round as a Hingham bucket; every thing about him is in the same proportion. The gentleman under whose charge he is to be exhibited, says, what, if a fact, is a very remarkable one, only, that seven years ago, that is, when Angus was 12 years old, he was known and noted as a giant; he was then but three feet high, and weighed only 31 pounds. Since that time he has grown eight inches a year on an average, and is not done yet. He now weighs 400 pounds, and has strength in proportion. He offers to lift a couple of barrels of rum at once, (provided he may have them for his pains,) or to forfeit their price. His mother, however, cautioned him when he left home, against [illegible] going in uncommon exertions of strength, for as yet, said she, "Angus is but a tender boy!"

FLAX vs. COTTON.—This case is decidedly triumphant in favor of the plant of the north. We see the trial is going on in England some months ago—it has been going on here also, and by a new invention of Dr. Leavett, Cotton may be said to be Flax-ed out. The machine of Mr. Leavitt takes the dry Flax from the field (without rotting) and at one operation, converts it into a fine floss, of the texture of the finest and best Cotton, and ready to be spun on the machinery of the cotton factory, as cotton is, up to the finest numbers; then to be woven into cloth on the same loom, by a single girl, at the rate of sixty yards per day. The cloth will then bear about the price of Cotton Sheeting—last twice as long, and what is better than all, we shall owe it to our neighbor—to our own soil, and have to ourselves the profit on the growth of the raw material.—What will become of the cotton fields of the south, as soon as the northern farmers begin to stir in this business? Verily, Flax will prove a better abolitionist than Foster, and all his noisy tribe! The great reforms of the world are brought about by [illegible]—never by slang-whangers!

The one hundred millions of dollars for which the cotton crop now sells is about to be emptied into the pockets of our northern farmers. It is shown by figures that the flax crop will net at least $20 per acre clear profit. There will be the seed—there will be the fibre—both marketable, and both cash. It is suggested to plow up the turf land in the spring and sow flax, which comes off in time, and leaves the land clean for a fall crop—giving two valuable crops in little over a year.

It is suggested to establish Oil Mills, and Whitney's Flax Machine in every central locality, and spinning and weaving factories wherever the capital can be raised.

The invention includes the animalization of the flax fibre, so that it is then warm as cotton, or more durable; takes all colors, as well as silk.

Throughout the North there is a general movement to carry out this invention, which is the greatest of modern times. It will revolutionize Manufactures, and Commerce; create a new and immense Northern mine of wealth; and by its own [illegible] silently pull down "the peculiar Institution."—*Ishtabula Telegraph.*

A Go.—At Huron Erie county, Ohio, there was a serious attempt at marriage. It appears that relations of intimate friendship had existed between Dr. [illegible] and Miss B——, for some two years, which resulted in their presenting themselves at the Episcopal Church for the purpose of marriage.—The first portion of the service, embracing the vows of the bridegroom, were promptly responded by him. The covenant of the bride was then read by the clergyman, to which she promptly answered "No!" The minister asked her if she was in earnest, in what she said. "Yes, sir-ee," said she, "he has perjured himself—trifled with the affections of others—and I have but done him justice!" And turning round she took a gentleman's arm and left the [illegible].

DEATH OF GENERAL BROOKE.—A Telegraphic despatch was received from New Orleans at the War Department yesterday morning announcing the death of Brevet Major General George M. Brooke, which took place at *San Antonio, Texas* on the 9th instant.

We are not informed of the cause of his death.—Of the military history of this distinguished officer the following particulars cannot at this moment be uninteresting to any reader:

Gen. Brooke entered the army, from Virginia, on the 31 of May, 1893, as first Lieutenant in the 5th infantry. He was promoted to be rank of Captain the 1st of May, 1813; to that of Major of the 4th infantry in 1814; to that of Lieutenant Colonel same regiment March 1, 1819; and in July, 1831, to the rank of Colonel in the 5th infantry. His first brevet was that of Lieutenant Colonel, August 15, 1814, for "gallant conduct in the defence of Fort Erie;" his second was that of Colonel, September 17th, 1814, for "distinguished and meritorious services in the sortie from Fort Erie." He was made a Brevet Brigadier General, September 17, 1824, "for ten years' faithful service as colonel," and he was brevetted a Major-General, May 30th 1818, "for meritorious conduct, particularly in the performance of his duties in the prosecution of the war with Mexico."

Fort Brooke, at Tampa Bay, was established by him and received his name, in 1824, where he was stationed for a number of years.

At the time of his death he was in command of the 8th military department, (Texas,) and engaged in planing an expedition against the Indians.—*National Intelligencer.*

MR. WEBSTER.—The manner in which the Democratic press has treated Mr. Webster, since the accusation of Mr. Allen, of his own State, publicly made in the National Legislature,—an accusation so nearly affecting his personal honor—may be quoted as in healthy contrast with the course always heretofore pursued by the Whig press against the eminentmen of the Democratic party. Although the contradiction is by no means as ample and as particular as the charge, we have yet seen few Democratic papers that use the fact to damage Mr. Webster. None that we have seen goes back to remind the public of the direful excitement that was raised against the Hon. C. J. Ingersoll, of this city, when he, a Democrat, made an almost similar charge, or to quote confirmation or in justification of him, the statement of Mr. Allen. This is not an exception to the general conduct of the Democratic press, in their treatment of political opponents; though the instance under notice is one of the most marked that has yet taken place. Our adversaries of the whig ranks may obtain a lesson from this circumstance which they could practice upon hereafter with great credit to themselves. Whether it was expected that Democratic statesmen are to be more pure than whigs, the reader cannot fail to be struck with the remark of a paper now before us—the National Era, of Washington, one of the most violent opponents of the Democratic party—that if Mr. Buchanan had been charged with that which has been alleged against Mr. Webster, it would have covered Mr. Polk's administration with more disgrace than that which befel General Taylor's on account of the Galphin transaction.—*Pennsylvanian.*

WAR AND MILITIA.—The United Service Magazine, in an excellent article on the "Military Crisis in Europe," comes to the conclusion, after a long and able review of the whole subject, that the best defence of a country, most reliable, most efficient, and least expensive, is a *Militia*, exercised in the use of the musket; and that if the struggle must come, as he insists it must, between absolute governments and free constitutions, the latter must conquer by their Militia. We have long observed the growth of American ideas in Great Britain, on all questions connected with our political system; and this is one remarkable illustration of the fact. Another is the desire, now so general in England, to separate the judicial from the legislative power, so as to give full force to the representative principle as advocated in the London "Times," and which we might find to be to us immense advantage, by taking from Congress the power to sit in judgment on matters dependent on the proper construction of their own legislation, and which now threatens serious consequences to great national interests, and private claims. England and the United States may both profit by lessons from each other.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.—The Burlington Free Press gives an account of a remarkable phenomenon which recently occurred on Lake Champlain, Aburgh, Vt. The ice, for an area of about five brs a mile in an irregular form, was found, on the morning of the 16th of February, broken up into fragments of different sizes, and two large cakes had been lifted from the opening, and flung to the distance, one of seven, the other of ten rods. The ice was 17 inches in its thickness, and the large pieces measured one was 29 feet 6 inches, and the other 33 feet six inches. It contained at least 5,000 cubic feet of solid ice, and weighed more than twenty tons. The ice in the Bay first formed about the 10 h of December, and at the time of this occurrence was very thick, and perfectly sound in all places except this opening. The wind blew very hard the evening previous, but no explosion or noise of any kind from the ice, was heard in the night. The depth of water at the hole was seventeen feet. The phenomenon is vouched for by men of the most respectability, but no satisfactory explanation has yet been given.

MISTAKING THE CUE.—The Westmoreland *Intelligencer*, the old Whig organ in Greensburg, comes to us with the names of General Winfield Scott, for President, and James C. Jones, of Tennessee, for Vice President, at the head of its columns. There is evidently a screw loose about Greensburg! It is well known that Gov. Johnston is making desperate efforts to have his name associated with that of Gen. Scott in Pennsylvania, and that his toadies throughout the State are obeying his mandates in relation thereto. Westmoreland is the Governor's native county, and the fact that the *Intelligencer* prefers a Tennessean for Vice President, is conclusive evidence of a flare-up in the Whig camp! We observe, also, that the Hollidaysburg *Whig* has up the name of some Florida gentleman, as the Whig candidate for Vice-President.—The *American* and *Transcript* of this city, (the official organs of the State Administration,) are committed in favor of Scott and Johnston, while the old Hunker papers, the *Journal* and *Gazette*, are quiet on the subject as "dumb statues and breathless stones."—*Pittsburg Post.*

☞ A fat citizen of Boston was walking gravely along, with his left hand fixed in a frame: Hollow! what's the matter! cries a friend. "Oh! my friend," he replies, with an impassioned accent, "I have had the happiness to have this hand pressed by Jenny Lind, and I have had it framed!"

A NEW WAY TO DEFEAT A BILL.—A bill to amend the charter of the Buffalo and Mississippi Railroad Company, passed the House of Representatives of the Indiana Legislature, and went to the senate, where it was *stolen* to prevent its final passage.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We very deeply regret to learn that the tavern house, with all its contents belonging to Mr. H. L. Truby, at Catfish, in this county, was burnt to ashes on Tuesday night last. A man by the name of James Cochran, of Jefferson county, made an effort to get from the upper porch, from which he fell across the bannister of the lower one and broke his back. He died shortly afterwards. Philo Snow, left his bed to run down stairs, when his clothes took fire, from which he was so badly burned, that he too, soon exoired. This dreadful calamity is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.—*Clarion Democrat.*

SALE OF A WIFE.—The Stockport, Eng., Mercury contains an account of the sale of a wife at New Inn in the county of Derby, for five pounds one shilling. The husband who sold her was Elisha G., a cattle dealer, and the purchaser was George C., a bachelor. The wife is young and fair, and cried bitterly at being disposed of.

Ah, but she was a *white* woman; and that makes a difference. If she had been *black*, and an inhabitant of Georgia or South Carolina, what copious tears would not the English philanthropists have shed over the unfortunate woman! White slavery is too commonplace and familiar to them to have any claim on the sympathies of the "nation of grumblers."

☞ A Rhode Island lad, under examination by a Connecticut schoolmaster, being asked: "How many gods are there?" The boy, after scratching his head some time, replied—"I don't know how many yes've got in Connecticut, but we have none in Rhode Island!"

☞ We sincerely regret to learn that Mr. Theophilus Carter, of the firm of Carter & Brother, in this city, sustained an injury of a most serious nature, on Monday afternoon last. He happened to be engaged about a circular saw in the Planing establishment belonging to the firm, on Eleventh street, and not exercising proper vigilance, his hand was caught by the saw, and before it could be withdrawn, shockingly mutilated at the wrist—He is in charge of Dr. Faulkner, and we are to learn the Doctor—who is one of the best of Surgeons—expresses the opinion that the amputation of the hand will not be necessary.—*Gazette.*

*To the Honorable Court of Quarter Sessions of Erie Co.*

The petition of Alexander Davidson of North East in said county, respectfully represents, that he is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travelers, at the house he now occupies in said Borough. He therefore prays the Honorable Court to grant him a license for keeping a public inn or tavern, and he as in duty bound, will pray, &c. ALEXANDER DAVIDSON.

We, the subscribers, citizens of the Borough of North East in which the above inn or tavern, prayed to be licensed, is proposed to be kept, do certify that Alexander Davidson the above applicant, is of good repute for honesty and temperance, and is well provided with house room and conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of strangers and travelers, and that such an inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travelers.

*Signed*, Benj. Hazel, Thos. Van Scoter, B. C. Town, Reuer Town, Wm. E. Ward, Stanley Brown, W Allison, R. Hiles, J. M. Mills, J. H. Barnes, H. H. Allison, S. M. Lehman, W. Drummond, E. Nestle, R. S. Hawley, Benjamin Hall, David Allison, P. F. Chappel. 3w9

## New Goods! New Goods!!

JUST received, by the last lake Steamer, direct from New York, the first stock of Spring Dress Goods, &c., which will be sold cheap for cash. H. CADWELL.

Erie March 22, 1-51. 45

## NEW AND USEFUL.

### Planing Mill and Lumber Yard.

*On Everett St. East of French, Erie.*

CARTER & BROTHER having purchased one of WOODWORTH'S IMPROVED PATENT PLANING, MATCHING and GROVING MACHINES, as well as the exclusive right to use the same in this county, are now prepared to dress lumber as any of the above ogans for all who may see fit to favor them with a call. The facility with which they can dress lumber enables them to put the price so low, which with the superiority of the workmanship, effect strong inducements to House Carpenters and all others who may be in want of dressed Lumber to give them at least a call and examine into the matter themselves.

Flooring dressed by this Machine is fully equal to that dressed by hand, both in the smoothness of the surface, and *closeness of the joints*, while it has the advantage of being of uniform thickness and width the entire length of the board, requiring no filling or setting up after the surface even; hence a carpenter will lay double the number of squares in a day dressed in this way, than he can of that dressed by hand. The machine is so constructed that they can dress lumber any width up to 24 inches, and any thickness up to 2 inches.

They also have CIRCULAR SAWS in operation in connection with the above, with which they can rip one or any width or thickness desired. Also, a very superior TURNING LATHE, for turning the balusters and scrolling required by House Carpenters, Cabinet Makers, Steam Boat, &c.

They are also preparing to, and intend keeping on hand constantly a supply of Lumber, especially Whitewood flooring and siding and Clear Pine. CARTER & BROTHER.

Erie, March 22, 1851. 45

## Dissolution of Partnership.

THE Partnership heretofore existing between Carter & Brother and Jacob Knapp, under the firm of Carter & Knapp, in the business of manufacturing Linseed Oil, Sawing and Planing Lumber, etc. etc. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts are left in the hands of Carter & Brother, to whom all persons interested are requested to call and settle the business of the firm with as little delay as possible.

CARTER & BROTHER,
JACOB KNAPP.

Erie, March 22, 1851.

## Copartnership Notice.

COMPTON & HAVERSTICK have associated with themselves Mr. I. N. Tibbals, under the name of Compton, Haverstick & Co. JOHN COMPTON,
H. B. HAVERSTICK,
I. N. TIBBALS.

Erie, March 13, 1-51. 3t3

REMOVAL.—The subscribers have removed their goods to the Store lately occupied by R. A. Baker, next door south of the store of Smith Jackson. Where we shall be happy to wait upon all who may favor us with a call.

COMPTON, HAVERSTICK, & CO.

Erie, March 22, 1-51.

## FIRST ARRIVAL OF THE SEASON!

NEW GOODS—Just received this evening from New York, per steamer Wisconsin, a handsome assortment of Ginghams, de Lanes, Prints &c., which will be sold cheaper than the cheapest. Please call and examine for yourselves, as I am determined to sell cheap. Also, one door south of Cochran's store recently occupied by R. A. Baker, one door north of Jackson's store. COMPTON, HAVERSTICK & CO.

Erie, March 22, 1-51. 3t3

## Take Notice!!

THE undersigned is desirous of closing up the business of the late firm of Carter & Brother, and as it has large amounts of notes and accounts standing on the books, he is compelled to call upon all indebted to the late firm to make immediate payment, as longer indulgence cannot be given. All those who have not settled their accounts by the first day of April next, will find their notes in the hands of a proper officer for collection, without respect to persons. H. CADWELL.

Erie, March 22, 1851.

NEW STEAM FOUNDRY.—The undersigned have opened the old stand of Lester, Sennett & Co., on the Pier, for the purpose of doing every description of work in their line, such as Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Mill Gearing, and various branches, such as Shafting, Hangers, Pulleys, &c. &c. They will carefully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended to the establishment, and will endeavor to merit the same by strict attention to their business.

PARDON SENNETT,
CONRAD BROWN, JR.,
MATTHEW R. BARR.

March 22d, 1851.

## STORAGE AND FORWARDING.

HAVING taken the Ware House on the Public Dock, on the east side of State street, recently occupied by L. N. Tibbals, I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

WALTER CHESTER.

March 22, 1851.

## Clothing at Wholesale!

G. P. & J. B. WILLIAMSON,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
READY MADE CLOTHING,
*69 Nassau and 54 & 56 John sts., up stairs,*
NEW YORK,

HAVE now on hand a full and desirable assortment of Clothing, suitable for the season, which they will sell at the lowest cash prices. Their stock consists in part of Overcoats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pantaloons, Vests, Cloaks, Shirts, Drawers, Hosiery, Gloves, Stocks, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Canes, Carpet Bags, Valises, Trunks, &c. &c. Purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

G. P. & J. B. WILLIAMSON.

March 15, 1851.

## Dye Wood, Dye Stuffs, Paints, &c.

THE undersigned offer for sale on liberal terms *Dye Woods*, of all the different kinds, of the best in the market, and warranted equal to any manufactured, viz:

Log-wood, Red-wood, Cam-wood, Ginger Nicka-wood,
Fustic, Green Ebony, Red Sanders, Extract of Log-wood,
Nicka-wood Brazil-wood, Peach-wood, Tar-wood,
Lime, Dye, Argol, Cream Tartar,

Together with a general assortment of *Dye Stuffs, Dyers' Drugs, Paints, &c., &c.* Merchants and others will find our prices low.

PENTZ, TOWNSEND & CO.
No 33, Water-street, N. Y.

March 8, 1851.—3m

## Water Consolidated.

THE proprietor of the Erie City Mills, has procured the entire Waters of Mill Creek, and rebuilded Dams, after the 1st of May next. Therefore, the public can be assured, that the above Mill will be prepared to do custom work for customers at all times, and that Custom Grinding will have the preference.

ERIE, March 15th 1851. CHARLES FAY.
mar11 Miller.

## GREAT WESTERN TIN SHOP.

The subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he still continues the TIN, COPPER and SHEET IRON BUSINESS, at the old stand formerly kept by Middleton & Murphy, and respectfully invites a continuation of the patronage hitherto extended to the concern. I have now on hand the largest stock of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware west of New York, which I am willing to purchase would do well to call on me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am bound to sell cheaper than the cheapest.

Having been in and the trade for [illegible] years in the state, (the Eagle Hotel excepted) which proves sufficiently that I am capable to suit all. I will warrant it to give one trial only. Also, 200 dozen of MRS Paste, of all sizes, cheap Varnish, Japan, Lamp Wicks, Copperas, Paris Green, Coast Boat Lamps and Lamps, Coffee Pots, Tea Pots and Boilers, Lanterns, washboards, cake pans, pails, tin dishes, dippers, tunnels, tinkettles, boilers, stillions, locks, latches, tinpuffers, pipes, stove pipe elbows, &c. &c. Also, a large assortment of tinning, spouting and jobbing done at short notice.

Also a good assortment of JAPAN WARE, consisting of coffee boxes, trunks, dec'd boxes, spittoons, tea and coffee canisters, fruit dishes, dust pans, lard and oil cans, candle stands, flour boxes, toy cups and pails, rattle boxes, whistles, knife cleaning machines, &c. &c. Also, a large assortment of Britannia Ware, consisting of tea pots, sugar bowls, cream pots, &c. &c.

Spouting and Gutters promptly attended to. All kind of stove work made and repaired at the shortest notice.

WANTED—About forty thousand pounds of old Copper, Brass and Pewter will be taken in exchange for Tin and Copper Ware.

Merchants and others would do well to give me a call at the old stand of Middleton & Murphy, two doors east of Brown's Hotel.

Erie, March 13, 1851.—11 S. MURPHY.

## ERIE ACADEMY.

THE Spring Term of the Erie Academy commences on Monday, March 24 under the superintendence of

J. HENRY BLACK, A. B
Teacher of the Languages and the Natural Sciences.
MR. O. D. HENDRY,
Teacher in English Literature, and Penmanship.
Miss SARAH A. KIBBE,
Preceptress, and Teacher in Physiology, Chemistry and Botany.
Miss CATHARINE BEEBE,
Teacher of Music.

### Tuition Per Quarter.

| | |
|---|---|
| In the Languages, | $1 00 |
| In Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c. | 2 00 |
| In Primary Studies, | 2 00 |

There are no extra charges connected with the Academy except for Music and Drawing. The charge for Music is $6; for Drawing, $2 00.

The regular time for admission is at the beginning or middle of the term. No one will be admitted for less than half a quarter.

From the present and beautiful location of the Academy, the advantages which it possesses, the comfortable and economical apparatus, and the ability of the teachers both to impart knowledge and to discipline the conduct, it is confidently believed that very superior influences are presented to all who may be desirous of pursuing a course of systematic and thorough instruction. For the benefit of those desiring to prepare themselves for teaching, particular instruction will be given, and a class formed, exclusively for the branches usually taught in schools and in the theory of imparting instruction.

JOHN GALBRAITH, President.
MERRAY WHARTON, Secretary.

Erie, March 13, 1-51. 3t11

300 TONS of Plaster for sale cheap, by D. S. CLARK.

25 BUSHELS Dried Peaches just received and for sale cheap by D. S. CLARK.

## Still Buying.

AND paying the highest price for any quantity of Domestic Flannel, Sacks, Yarns, Dried Apples and Peaches.

Erie, Dec. 14. LAIRD & RUST.

RUBBER SHOES.—3,000 Pair Women's, Men's and Children's of all desirable styles, at less prices than be found in Erie.

J. H. FULLERTON

SOLAR Lamps, Girandoles, Chimnies, Globes, Wick in variety at C. LOOMIS & CO.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—A lot of Toys and other things, suitable presents for the coming Holidays, at C. LOOMIS & Co., State st.

December 10.

GLASSWARE.—Tumblers, Decanters, Jelly Dishes, Glass Jars, Preserve Dishes, Plates and Pitchers, Molasses Cans, Oil Lamps, and a General variety of Glassware for sale at the Pittsburgh Store. No. 2, Wright's Block.

KID GLOVES.—20 doz. Kid Gloves, all colors, the best article imported; also, Buckskin, Woolen, Silk, Linen Thread and cotton, at FULLERTON'S

STATIONARY.—Letter and Cap paper, common and hand laid, plain and ruled; also, gilt edged, plain and fancy Note Paper and Envelopes.

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Erie, March 22, 1-51.

## Take Notice!!

THE undersigned is desirous of closing up the business of the late firm of Carter & Brother, and as it has large amounts of notes and accounts standing on the books, he is compelled to call upon all indebted to the late firm to make immediate payment, as longer indulgence cannot be given. All those who have not settled their accounts by the first day of April next, will find their notes in the hands of a proper officer for collection, without respect to persons. H. CADWELL.

Erie, March 22, 1851.

NEW STEAM FOUNDRY.—The undersigned have opened the old stand of Lester, Sennett & Co., on the Pier, for the purpose of doing every description of work in their line, such as Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Mill Gearing, and various branches, such as Shafting, Hangers, Pulleys, &c. &c. They will carefully solicit a continuance of the patronage heretofore extended to the establishment, and will endeavor to merit the same by strict attention to their business.

PARDON SENNETT,
CONRAD BROWN, JR.,
MATTHEW R. BARR.

March 22d, 1851.

## STORAGE AND FORWARDING.

HAVING taken the Ware House on the Public Dock, on the east side of State street, recently occupied by L. N. Tibbals, I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

WALTER CHESTER.

March 22, 1851.

## Clothing at Wholesale!

G. P. & J. B. WILLIAMSON,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
READY MADE CLOTHING,
*69 Nassau and 54 & 56 John sts., up stairs,*
NEW YORK,

HAVE now on hand a full and desirable assortment of Clothing, suitable for the season, which they will sell at the lowest cash prices. Their stock consists in part of Overcoats, Dress and Frock Coats, Pantaloons, Vests, Cloaks, Shirts, Drawers, Hosiery, Gloves, Stocks, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Canes, Carpet Bags, Valises, Trunks, &c. &c. Purchasers will find it to their interest to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, as we are determined to sell at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction.

G. P. & J. B. WILLIAMSON.

March 15, 1851.

## Dye Wood, Dye Stuffs, Paints, &c.

THE undersigned offer for sale on liberal terms *Dye Woods*, of all the different kinds, of the best in the market, and warranted equal to any manufactured, viz:

Log-wood, Red-wood, Cam-wood, Ginger Nicka-wood,
Fustic, Green Ebony, Red Sanders, Extract of Log-wood,
Nicka-wood Brazil-wood, Peach-wood, Tar-wood,
Lime, Dye, Argol, Cream Tartar,

Together with a general assortment of *Dye Stuffs, Dyers' Drugs, Paints, &c., &c.* Merchants and others will find our prices low.

PENTZ, TOWNSEND & CO.
No 33, Water-street, N. Y.

March 8, 1851.—3m

## Water Consolidated.

THE proprietor of the Erie City Mills, has procured the entire Waters of Mill Creek, and rebuilded Dams, after the 1st of May next. Therefore, the public can be assured, that the above Mill will be prepared to do custom work for customers at all times, and that Custom Grinding will have the preference.

ERIE, March 15th 1851. CHARLES FAY.
mar11 Miller.

## GREAT WESTERN TIN SHOP.



The subscriber would inform his friends and the public generally that he still continues the TIN, COPPER and SHEET IRON BUSINESS, at the old stand formerly kept by Middleton & Murphy, and respectfully invites a continuation of the patronage hitherto extended to the concern. I have now on hand the largest stock of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware west of New York, which I am willing to purchase would do well to call on me before purchasing elsewhere, as I am bound to sell cheaper than the cheapest.

Having been in and the trade for [illegible] years in the state, (the Eagle Hotel excepted) which proves sufficiently that I am capable to suit all. I will warrant it to give one trial only. Also, 200 dozen of MRS Paste, of all sizes, cheap Varnish, Japan, Lamp Wicks, Copperas, Paris Green, Coast Boat Lamps and Lamps, Coffee Pots, Tea Pots and Boilers, Lanterns, washboards, cake pans, pails, tin dishes, dippers, tunnels, tinkettles, boilers, stillions, locks, latches, tinpuffers, pipes, stove pipe elbows, &c. &c. Also, a large assortment of tinning, spouting and jobbing done at short notice.

Also a good assortment of JAPAN WARE, consisting of coffee boxes, trunks, dec'd boxes, spittoons, tea and coffee canisters, fruit dishes, dust pans, lard and oil cans, candle stands, flour boxes, toy cups and pails, rattle boxes, whistles, knife cleaning machines, &c. &c. Also, a large assortment of Britannia Ware, consisting of tea pots, sugar bowls, cream pots, &c. &c.

Spouting and Gutters promptly attended to. All kind of stove work made and repaired at the shortest notice.

WANTED—About forty thousand pounds of old Copper, Brass and Pewter will be taken in exchange for Tin and Copper Ware.

Merchants and others would do well to give me a call at the old stand of Middleton & Murphy, two doors east of Brown's Hotel.

Erie, March 13, 1851.—11 S. MURPHY.

## ERIE ACADEMY.

THE Spring Term of the Erie Academy commences on Monday, March 24 under the superintendence of

J. HENRY BLACK, A. B
Teacher of the Languages and the Natural Sciences.
MR. O. D. HENDRY,
Teacher in English Literature, and Penmanship.
Miss SARAH A. KIBBE,
Preceptress, and Teacher in Physiology, Chemistry and Botany.
Miss CATHARINE BEEBE,
Teacher of Music.

### Tuition Per Quarter.

| | |
|---|---|
| In the Languages, | $1 00 |
| In Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, &c. | 2 00 |
| In Primary Studies, | 2 00 |

There are no extra charges connected with the Academy except for Music and Drawing. The charge for Music is $6; for Drawing, $2 00.

The regular time for admission is at the beginning or middle of the term. No one will be admitted for less than half a quarter.

From the present and beautiful location of the Academy, the advantages which it possesses, the comfortable and economical apparatus, and the ability of the teachers both to impart knowledge and to discipline the conduct, it is confidently believed that very superior influences are presented to all who may be desirous of pursuing a course of systematic and thorough instruction. For the benefit of those desiring to prepare themselves for teaching, particular instruction will be given, and a class formed, exclusively for the branches usually taught in schools and in the theory of imparting instruction.

JOHN GALBRAITH, President.
MERRAY WHARTON, Secretary.

Erie, March 13, 1-51. 3t11

300 TONS of Plaster for sale cheap, by D. S. CLARK.

25 BUSHELS Dried Peaches just received and for sale cheap by D. S. CLARK.

## Still Buying.

AND paying the highest price for any quantity of Domestic Flannel, Sacks, Yarns, Dried Apples and Peaches.

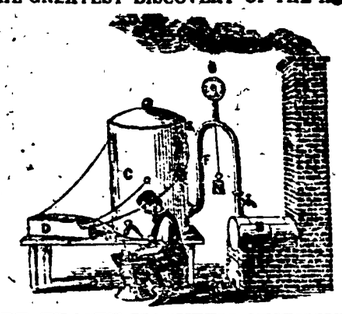
Erie, Dec. 14. LAIRD & RUST.

RUBBER SHOES.—3,000 Pair Women's, Men's and Children's of all desirable styles, at less prices than be found in Erie.

J. H. FULLERTON

SOLAR Lamps, Girandoles, Chimnies, Glob

## THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!



### DR. TRASK'S MAGNETIC OINTMENT.

THE following from Dr. HUNNELL, a noted Physician; who has sold over 900 Bottles within the last ten months. Hear him.

S. HUNNELL—Sir: I write to give you some account of the admirable effects produced by the use of Dect. Trask's Magnetic Ointment in my own practice as a physician. The following cases have all been under my own observation, and by my own prescription.

Case 1st.—A Mrs. More, who was given up to die by *three* celebrated physicians, as being in the *last stage of Consumption*, by the use of the Magnetic Ointment has regained her health, and is now as well as ever, and has been for the last six months.

Case 2d.—Some time in July last, I was called to see Mrs. Allen living some 22 miles distant. Her case had been given up by several physicians. She was *first* attacked by *malignant dysentery*, followed by severe inflammation of the bowels. I arrived about 6 o'clock in the evening, and found her in a very dangerous situation, apparently on the bank of the grave. I commenced applying the Ointment freely to the stomach and bowels, attended with some simple remedies administered internally, and by morning I found her so much better that I left for home, with directions to continue the use of the Ointment. She fully recovered in a few days, and is now enjoying good health.

Case 3d.—A Mr. Winters had lost nearly all his hair, had been bald for many years; by the use of *three bottles of the Magnetic Ointment, had his hair entirely restored*, and now has as beautiful a head of hair as any man could wish. His age is about 50 years.

Case 4th.—A son of Mr. Warren of the town, 11 years of age, had been afflicted with the Asthma from his cradle. He had the benefit of the best medical advice that a loving and wealthy father could procure without avail. It was one of the most aggravated cases I ever saw. he was emaciated almost to a skeleton. By the use of a few bottles of the Ointment he was *thoroughly cured*, and for 7 months past has enjoyed robust health.

Case 5th.—This was an extreme case of *Inflammation of the spine*, of long standing; had a variety of treatment from no less than *eight* different physicians, without receiving benefit—was cured by the use of only four bottles of the Magnetic Ointment—This was four months ago, and the lady (a Mrs. Dunham), is still in good health and able to attend to her usual household duties.—I have treated two cases of *Chronic Sore Eyes* with the Ointment both of the patients *so nearly blind*, as to need an arm to lead them from place to place. One of them had been afflicted 18 years, the other about 8 years. They both received the best physicians in the state, without benefit; and one of them had been under the treatment of the celebrated Dect. Muzzy, of Cincinnati, for eighteen months, and had expended hundreds of dollars in vain efforts to effect a cure. They are now, by use of the Magnetic Ointment, nearly or quite cured, and are able to read and attend to ordinary business. I have cured many in a number of cases of the Piles, and *in no case has it failed to give immediate relief, and generally a permanent cure*. I have also used it beneficially in several cases of Erysipelas. And last not least, I have within the last year cured four cases of CANCER by the use of the *Magnetic Ointment alone!!*

From a thorough trial of the Ointment in nearly every disease for which it is recommended, I can confidently recommend it to be one of the most useful remedies ever offered to the public.

Respectfully yours,

BURTON HUBBELL, M. D.

*Dated Amelia, Ohio, Jan. 27, 1850.*

Sold in Erie, Pa., by Carter & Brother, wholesale and retail—L. S. Jones, Girard; P. C. Town, North East, and by one agent in every town in the state.

E. K. CRANDALL, Traveling agent.

August 17, 1853. 1y14

### MRS. H. S. WARD,

WOULD say to her patrons and friends that she is now ready to wait on them with a great variety of

**Fall and Wintor Millinery,**

consisting of Velvets, Satins, watered Silks, most Velvet, Ribbons, French Flowers in a great variety, and orders to suit customers especially in the Millinery line too numerous to mention. Pomnets and Caps always on hand.

Colored Millinery can and will be furnished with Goods and Fashions on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased in Buffalo, or any other place west of it.

Erie, Oct. 26, 1850. n24

BUTTER! BUTTER!!—200 lbs first rate Roll Butter for sale by the lbl. [Jan 4, 1851] WM. F. RINDERNECHT

50 BUSHELS Chestnuts just received on consignment, and will be sold low by [1851] WM. F. RINDERNECHT.

### Endless Chain Pump.

THE subscriber respectfully informs all wishing a superior Pump, that he is prepared to furnish, and put in order an article of

ENDLESS CHAIN PUMP,

of the most substantial and durable character. His material has been selected with much care, and he feels confident no one will, after a trial, be dissatisfied with the article.

Erie, Dec. 25, 1850. WM. G. ARBUCKLE.

N. B.—Most kinds of country produce will be taken in payment. 33

### W. C. BRALEY

WOULD inform the public that he intends to pay particular attention to Veterenary Surgery in all its various branches—His charges will be reasonable. Please call and see. Office at the Canal Stable, near the outlet Lock of the Extension Canal.

Erie, Jan. 4, 1851. 1y

FRUITS, Spices, Nuts, Candles, Fancy Soaps, and a full and complete assortment of every thing in the Grocery line for sale at very small advance above cost, at the Pittsburgh store,

January 18, 1851. No. 2, Wright's Block.

### D. S. CLARK,

*Wholesale and Retail Grocer & Ship Chandler, and dealer in Foreign & Domestic Wooden Ware, &c., &c.,*

NO. 5 BONNELL BLOCK, ERIE, PA.

HAS in store and is receiving his Fall and Winter supply, embracing many of the good things of the earth in greater variety than was ever offered in this market. The undersigned first-class house that an experience of twelve years in the business enables him to buy and sell low, and he is carefully to select none but good articles. The following is part of his stock:

Coffee—Rio, Laguira, Brazil and Gov. Java.

Sugars—Loaf, Crushed, Powdered Brown, Coffee Crushed, Powdered and Refined Loaf and Lump.

Teas—Old Hyson, Silver Leaf, Young Hyson, Superior and Imperial.

Wash Teas, the best ever offered here.

Fruits—Raisins, in boxes, halves and quarters, Zante Currants and Figs.

Marseilles Oil, various brands. Pickles do in bottles, quarts and pints. Almonds, assorted qualities, shelled do. Macaroni and Vermicelli. Filberts and Brazil Nuts. Mustard in kegs and cans, best English, do. French in pots. Citrons, best Maderia. (new.) Lemon and Orange peel, (for Fruit Cake.) extracts of Lemon, Rose, Vanilla, Nutmeg, Celery, Peach, etc., etc. India Curry powder. French Chocolate, superior article Broma and common do. Paper, Candles of all kinds, Rock do, red and white do. sugar at friends, for the shortest cash, assorted qualities. Loaf, crushed Loaf, sugar syrup, a very superior article, Sperm ic Candles, (extra) patent and star do, colored sperm and wax Candles. In short we have every thing that is *usually found in establishments* of the kind, except Wines and Liquors, which we do not consider necessary or useful to our customers or the public.

Erie, Nov. 16. D. S. CLARK.

### Clothing! Cloths and Cassimeres!

### OLD THINGS HAVE BECOME NEW!!

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of his old customers and friends to his new and and select stock of

**CLOTHS, CLOTHING & CASSIMERES!**

recently purchased in New York, and now offered as cheap, at least, as any other establishment in town.

He does not deem it necessary to tell those who have for so long a series of years patronized him that he continues to manufacture to

FASHIONABLE AND NEAT FITTING

Garments as can be found in this market; but to new customers he has no hesitation in saying that if they will

CALL AND SEE FOR THEMSELVES.

They will not go away dissatisfied with either

**Goods, Workmanship or Prices,**

Custom work always done at reasonable prices, and warranted. Also cutting warranted, if properly made up. Call and see "old things have not become new" at the *old* stand of the subscriber. JAMES LYTLE.

Erie, October 26, 1850. 4in

### NEW BOOKS.

CALL in and see if there has not been a real Resurrection at the corner of French and 6th streets, where the subscriber will be on hand at all times ready to inquire after the *health* of his customers, (as I believing, as he expresses himself, that every man has a right to his own opinion,) and also to show them the best stock of Miscellaneous,

**School-Books and Family Bibles,**

ever brought to this place. Also on hand a splendid assortment of Blank Books of his own manufacture, warranted to be of paper of the best quality, all of which will be sold low for cash or clean paper rags.

N. B. On hand 15 barrels of Cider Vinegar, of excellent quality to be exchanged for rags or Cash.

Binding done to order on short notice.

*Expected shortly* a large lot of Christmas Books and Annuals.

Erie, Nov. 21. OLIVER "AFFORD.

### NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have just received a full supply of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware Crockery, &c. &c.

In the above stock may be found almost every variety of Gentlemen's and Ladies' Dress Goods. They having their old customers and those intending to purchase, to call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Erie, Nov. 23, 1849. JAMES HUGHES & CO.

### It Kills Pain and Saves Life.

ANDREW'S Pain Killing Agent, is the only article to be relied upon to kill Pain and cure disease. It is an internal and external remedy.

Agents for Erie county, No. 6, Reed House, Erie Pa. CARTER & BROTHER.

Oct 3, 1850. n1y31

### The Erie County Mutual Insurance Company

CONTINUE to Insure Buildings, Goods, Wares and Merchandise, on favorable terms.

DIRECTORS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| J. C. Marshall, | J. A. Tracy, | Wm. Beatty, |
| J. H. Williams, | Thos. Stewart, | G. Sanford, |
| S. Jackson, | Thos. Willis, | C. M. Tibbals, |
| W. H. Townsend, | Geo. Selden, | H. Sherman, |
| | J. C. Spencer. | |

G. SANFORD, President,

GEORGE SPENCER, Secretary.

*J. C. Spencer, Treasurer*

Erie, June 29, 1850. y7

TABLE and Pocket Cutlery.—My assortment is now complete and I do not hesitate to say a larger and better selected stock than was ever before offered in this market. R. REED.

Sept. 28, 1850.

MUFFS.—*Of superior quality*, for sale by

December 7, 1850. LAIRD & RUST.

### Dent: l Notice.

R. RUSSELL, D. D. S., office in Hirsh's Building opposite the Erie Gazette office. All operations performed in a neat careful and durable manner, and warranted. u19

HOUSE keepers can be supplied with brass, britannia, iron and japan candle sticks and lamps, brass snuffers and trays, britannia, German silver and iron spoons, basting spoons, coffee mills, cutlery, &c., at the hardware store of R. REED.

Sept. 28.

BRANDY, Pale and Dark, Port, Maderia and Malaga Wines Rum, Gin, and Whiskey, as pure and good as any in the city and a great deal cheaper, at RINDERNECHT'S.

BUFFALO ROBES.—30 Buffalo Robes for sale very cheap by D. S. CLARK.

SLATES a good assortment at the Hardware Store. RUFUS REED.

## LIVER COMPLAINT.

*JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.*

*And all Diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach, such as* Constipation, Inward Piles, fullness or blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust for food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering at the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried and difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, back, chest, limbs, &c., sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits, can be effectually cured by

### DR. HOOFLAND'S

*CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY*

### DR. C. M. JACKSON,

*AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,*

**No. 120, Arch Street, Philadelphia.**

*Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.*

These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the Liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching powers in weakness and affections of the digestive organs they are, withal, safe, certain and pleasant.

READ AND BE CONVINCED.

Chas. Robinson, Esq., Easton, Md., in a letter to Dr. Jackson, Jan. 9, 1850, said—

"My wife and myself have received more benefit from your medicine than any other we have ever taken for *the Dyspepsia and Liver disease.*"

"The Tenth Legion," published at Woodstock, Va., January 10, 1850, said—

"A GREAT MEDICINE."

"We have uniformly refrained from recommending to the public any of the various Patent Medicines of the day, unless thoroughly convinced of their value. Among those we consider worthy of notice is the *German Bitters*, invented by *Dr. Hoofland*, and prepared by Dr. Jackson, in Philadelphia. One instance in particular, in which the superior virtues of this medicine have been tested, has fallen under our observation. During the last summer, a son of Mr. Abraham Crabill, of this county, was very seriously affected with Liver Complaint and after trying in vain various remedies, he purchased a bottle of the Bitters, and after using it, was so much relieved of his distressing malady, that he procured another bottle, and is restored entirely to health."

READ FURTHER A FEW FACTS.

The "Philadelphia Democrat," the leading German Journal of Philadelphia. The editor says, November 9th

"We again call attention to the removal of the German Medicine Store, the principle depot for the sale of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, from 278 Race to 120 Arch street, one door below Sixth. Owing to the increased demand for this medicine, and for the accommodation of its numerous patients, Dr. Jackson has been compelled to occupy a large store. We wish him success in his new quarters; he is deserving of it. The Bitters Mixture is without doubt the greatest medicine extant for diseases of the Liver and Bowels. A standing cure of Chronic Diarrhœa is one of its many virtues, wherein the patient had exhausted the Materia Medicas of the different schools of medicine with no apparent benefit. He was induced to use these bitters, and a few bottles of them have entirely cured him. Many such cases we could refer to. We hope our readers will recollect this great restorative, should they be so unfortunate as to require its use. Dr. Jackson possesses the original unpublished receipt of Dr. Hoofland, and he prepares this medicine with great care. Those purchasing should call at his store, or see that his name is written upon the wrapper outside, and blown in the bottle, as imitations of all good articles are common."

Judge M. M. Noah a gentleman with great scientific and literary attainments, said in his "New York Weekly Messenger," January 6, 1853:

"Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters.—Here is a preparation which the leading presses in the Union appear to be unanimous in recommending, and the reason is obvious. It is made after a prescription furnished by one of the most celebrated physicians of modern times, the late F. Christopher Wilhelm Hoofland, Professor to the University of Jena, Private Physician to the King of Prussia, and one of the greatest medical writers Germany has ever produced. He was emphatically the enemy of *humbug*, and therefore a medicine of which he was the inventor and endorser may be confidently relied on. He specially recommended it in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Debility, Vertigo, Acidity of the Stomach, Constipation, and all complaints arising from a disordered condition of the stomach, the liver and the intestines. Nine Philadelphia papers express their conviction of its excellence, and several of its *writers* speak of its effects from their own personal experience. Under these circumstances, we feel warranted, not only in calling the attention of our readers to the present proprietors (Dr. C. M. Jackson's) preparation, but in recommending the article to all afflicted."

MORE EVIDENCE.

The "Philadelphia Saturday Gazette" the best family newspaper published in the United States, the editor says of

DR. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

"It is seldom that we recommend what are termed Patent Medicines to the confidence and patronage of our readers; and, therefore, when we recommend Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, we wish to be distinctly understood that we are not speaking of the nostrums of the day, that are noised about for a few periods and then forgotten after they have done their guilty race of mischief, but of a medicine long established, universally prized, and which has met the hearty approval of the Faculty itself."

Evidence upon evidence has been received (like the foregoing) from all sections of the Union, the last three years, *and the strongest certificate in favor of the article is, that there is more of it used in the practice of the regular Physicians of Philadelphia than all other nostrums combined*, a fact that can easily be established, as it fully proving that a scientific preparation will meet with their quiet approval when presented even in this form.

That this medicine will cure Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, no one can doubt, after using it as directed. It acts specifically upon the stomach and liver—it is preferable to calomel in *all bilious diseases*—the effect is immediate. They can be administered to FEMALE or INFANT with safety and reliable benefit, at any time.

*BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.*

This medicine has attained that high character which is necessary for all medicines to attain to induce counterfeiters to put forth as a, article of the risk of the lives of those who are innocently deceived.

*LOOK WELL TO THE MARK OF THE GENUINE.*

They have the written signature of C. M. JACKSON upon the wrapper, and the name blown in the bottle, *without which they are spurious.* For sale, wholesale and retail, at the

GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 120 *Race* street, one door below Sixth, (late of 278 Race st.) Philadelphia, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the country. Sold also by Carter & Brother, Erie, Pa; Lamphon & Goff, McKean corners, Pa.; J. Curtis, Waterford, Pa.

Erie, October 12, 1850. 1y2d

### DR P. HALL'S

### CELEBRATED COUGH REMEDY!

**A Safe, Pleasant, Speedy & Effectual Cure**

*For Colds, Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and Hooping Cough.*

This Medicine has been in use only a few years, and during that short period, it is believed to have effected more radical and important cures of Pulmonary diseases than any other Medical preparation either in ancient or modern times. It is but justice to state that

TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION,

or the number of deaths from that terrible disease, have greatly diminished in all places where this valuable medicine has been generally used. Thousands of people who have been severely afflicted with diseases of the Throat and Lungs, and were for a time fearful of the most dangerous results, now live in the enjoyment of the most perfect health, and cheerfully recommend

**This Important Remedy**

as a Speedy Cure for those common yet Dangerous pulmonary diseases. Thousands of Certificates of cures by this Medicine might be produced, many of which are truly

WONDERFUL AND ASTONISHING.

But their words are true and cannot be doubted. Any certificate signed so numerously and by men of well-known Truth and Integrity of Character, should be sufficient to convince the most incredulous, that this Medicine is deserving of Great Confidence and worthy of Use wherever required.

CERTIFICATES.

*This is to certify that we, the undersigned, have used Dr. P. Hall's Celebrated Cough Remedy, and have found it in every instance an effectious Medicine, and fully worthy of its recommendations.*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| John Galbraith | John W Hays | Peter E Burton |
| Wilson King | John F. Tracy | Benjamin Grant |
| John Hughes | Tho's Hughes | Wm F Rinderneckh |
| M Goodwin | John R Cochran | G A Bennett |
| Tho's Moorhead jr | John M Warren | J W Dean |
| Tho's McKee | James D Dunlap | E A Bennett |
| Charles W Kelso | D Shirk | Lucius A Hull |
| Robert Cochran | M Mayer | D G. Landon |
| J R Dumars | H F Mehaffey | I. Warren |
| H O Root | John S Brown | E P Ensign |
| H D Miner | Foster Bell | Wm M Gallagher |
| A Sherwood | Joseph Deemer jr | J Salisbury |
| | R Baldwin | |

This remedy is put in bottles of different sizes, which enables the poor as well as the rich to share its efficacy in restoring to all the blessings of health.

For sale wholesale and retail by P. Hall at his Drug Store, corner of State and Seventh streets, Erie. Also for sale by B. C. Town & Co., North East and Waterburgh; Smith & Hendrix, Waterford; James H. Campbell, Elmboro; William H. Townsend, Springfield; James A. White, Girard; Joseph Genabeuer, Fairview, and by Agents generally throughout the country. 73

### CLOTHING FOR THE MILLION.

**1851.** **1851.**

**The Cheap System Triumphant!!**

**AT NO. 1, FLEMING BLOCK!!!**

WHILE the public are excited with the controversy going on between the Jews and Gentiles in regard to "cut," "flash" and "fineness" of the various wares offered by other dealers in this city, they should not forget to look in at

NO. 1, FLEMING BLOCK,

where, if there is not quite so much gas expended in puffing, there can always be found

**Clothing as Cheap, Cloth as Fine, Fits as Good, and Work as Superior.**

as at any establishment between Sunrise and Sunset. The public should recollect that we

**MANUFACTURE OUR OWN CLOTHING,**

and that, having in our employ one of the very best Cutters, and employ none but the very best workmen, we can furnish our customers with articles which will bear inspection in any market in the world. Our stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING,

is now open for examination and sale, where may be found Clothing of every grade, style, and texture, suitable for

**Fall and Winter Wear.**

Let all who wish to save a dollar keep in mind the time-worn adage of "economy is wealth," and call and examine the immense assortment of Clothing and Dry Goods at

NO. 1, FLEMING BLOCK,

before purchasing elsewhere. Our stock does not consist of clothing alone. We have a very general assortment of

*DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES,*

suitable for family use, and which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest. Also,

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

together with many other articles too numerous to mention, but which will be cheerfully shown, and bargains warranted. Call and see, examine and compare. I. ROSENZWEIG & CO.

Erie, Sept. 28, 1850. 28

### EXCHANGE OFFICE.

J. H. WILLIAMS, dealer in Foreign and Domestic Bills of exchange Certificates of deposite, Gold and Silver coin, will buy and sell current and uncurrent money, negotiate time and sight drafts, make collections on all the Eastern cities, and make remittances at the lowest Banking rates.

Money received on Deposite and Eastern drafts constantly on hand at the lowest rates of premium.

Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, and Pennsylvania Bank notes, and those of most other States, bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.

Office, four doors below Brown's Hotel, Erie Pa.

Erie, July 1, 1848.

JAPAN WARE.—A full assortment expressly for jobbing, at No. 2, Reed House. R. REED.

ENAMEL Kettles of different sizes, at No. 2 Reed House. R. REED.

Sept. 28.

FOUR dz. White's Superior warranted Axes. Also 24 doz. best Axe Helves in town, for sale by W. F. RINDERNECHT

## G. LOOMIS & CO.

HAVE just returned from New York with the *largest* Stock of Goods in their line ever offered in Erie, and are constantly receiving additions which will enable their friends and customers to select many rich and desirable articles which are not generally found west of the large cities, embracing a great variety of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Ear and Finger Rings, Gold Breast Pins, Bracelets, Chains, Keys, Belt Slides and Buckles, Gold Pens and Pencils, *Lockets*, Thimbles, &c.

They will be enabled in a few days to furnish any who may desire, an EPTAS FINE ENGLISH LEVER MOVEMENT of their own importation. Those wishing extra heavy Hunter or other Cases, can be accommodated with any weight they choose for these movements. It will afford a rare opportunity to select.

Erie, December 14, 1850.

FRENCH Alabaster and Egyptian Marble Mantle three weeks Clocks, finest finish, at G. LOOMIS & Co's.

Dec. 19, 1850.

EXTRA MEDICINES.—J. H. Burton, No. 8, Reed House, having obtained a supply of Messrs Schieffin & Co's "Powdered Extra Medicines," is prepared to put up Physician's prescriptions, Family Compounds, &c., with accuracy and of such materials as will not in their operation disappoint the physician or patient. Medicine may be obtained at any hour of the day or night. 34

PEKIN TEAS.—A new supply of these superior Teas, fresh *warranted* to suit, just received by J. H. BURTON

SHAWLS.—Long and square Bay State, Cashmere and other Long Shawls; prices 75 cents to thirty dollars for sale by FULLERTON.

### Cash for Lumber!

THE *Subscribers* are prepared to pay CASH for any quantity of Whitewood Lumber, viz. 1 and 4-4 Boards; 1¼, 2½, 3 and 6 inch Plank; Column 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 inches square, and 3 by 4 Scantling. Ash of the following thickness: 1¼, 1½, 2½, 3 and 6 inches; Cherry and all kinds of shipping lumber. The subscribers will make contracts for any mount of the above mentioned Lumber to be delivered the coming season. Twelve feet is the most desirable length to have Lumber sawed.

Erie, Nov. 30, 1850. GEO SELDEN & SON.

500 YRDS. Muslin de Laines and Cashmeres of new designs and styles just opened; some will be sold as low as one shilling per yard: Good patterns figured and plain.

Nov. 25, 1850. C. M. TIBBALS.

HAY KNIVES, Gate Hinges and Latches, at

Nov. 25, 1850. RUFUS REED.

SLEIGH BELLS and Shakes, a good assortment at the Cheap Hardware store. RUFUS REED.

BRASS & GLASS Curtain Pins, of different patterns, at Nov. 23 1850. RUFUS REED.

MEASURING TAPES, 66 and 50 feet, with folding handles, at No. 2 Reed House. RUFUS REED.

CLOTHS, CLOTHS, Cassimeres for Men & Boys. I have on hand a larger stock than ever of Cloths and Cassimeres, which I purchased at a reasonable cash at the lowest figures. As an earnest of it, I will sell a good

Dyed in the wool Black Clothing for $1 75 per Yard.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Green do do | $1 50 to 2 75 | do |
| Brown do do | 1 62½ to 2 00 | do |
| Blue (warranted fadeless) | 2 50 | do |
| Drab for overcoats from | 1 25 to 2 00 | do |
| Olive, Green and Brown | 2 50 | do |

Also, Black, Blue Black and Fancy Doe Skin Cassimeres from $1 to $2 per yard. C. M. TIBBALS.

WANTED.—300 lbs. Dried Apples, 500 " Domestic Flannel, 2,000 pairs Wool Socks, 300 lbs. Wool Yarn, for which I will pay the highest market price in goods at the lowest figures

Erie, Nov. 20, 1850. C. M. TIBBALS.

5000 Yards Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings for sale from 6½ to 13 cents per yard, by C. M. TIBBALS.

### Fall and Winter Millinery!

MRS. CURTIS would respectfully inform the Ladies of Erie and vicinity, that she has just returned from New York with a large and beautiful assortment of

**MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS,**

consisting of Bonnets of every style, Dress Caps, Tabs, Flowers, Ruches, Ribbons, a great variety of Velvets, Silks, Satins, &c., Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves and Mitts, first quality; French work Collars, Lace Collars, Muslin, Edgings, Insertings, Thread, Lenpins, Laces, Veils, Black Lace Edgings, materials for Mantillas, ready made Capes, Embroidery Patterns, Zephyr and Berlin Worsted, Purse Trimmings, Steel Beads, Purse Twist, &c., &c. Hair Combs, a good assortment, and many other articles, all of which will be sold as low, wholesale and retail, as can be bought in the city.

☞ Milliners furnished with all articles in their line at reduced prices. Straw Bonnets cleansed and pressed.

Erie, October, 19, 1850. n23

*EAGLE FACTORY*

### PEARL CANDLES, LARD OIL, &c.

THE undersigned very respectfully invites the attention of his friends and foes, and those who are neither, to a beautiful article of Pearl Candles, of which he has a quantity now on *stand, and offers for sale at the following rates:* Boxes containing 6 lbs. @1.00, 12 a lb. by the quantity, and one shilling six pence retail. Lard, Oil, and Mould candles of the first quality, I will sell at prices nearly as cheap as Day & Night. Orders of these articles will be kept at the store of R. O. Hulbert, and at my factory. I wish to purchase a large quantity of Lard, Tallow and Pork fatted on beech nuts, for which I will pay cash on delivery at my factory, on 9th Street.

Erie, Dec. 28, 1850. 3m23 R. P. HULBERT.

### THE EULOMINE:

*Or the New York Collection of Sacred Music.*

CONSTITUTING a large and choice variety of new Tunes, Chants, Anthems, Motetts, etc. from the best Foreign and American composers, with all the old tunes in common use, together with a progressive musical course, simplified and adapted to the comprehension of beginners. The whole comprising the most complete collection of sacred music ever published, for sale at the Bookstore of O. SPAFFORD.

Erie, Nov 9, 1850. n20

PULVERIZED CORN STARCH.—Of unequaled purity, with full directions for making Puddings, Custards, &c., for sale by Erie, January 18, 1851. JOHN McCANN.

### CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE.

A LARGE stock of Mulberry Light Blue, Flowery Blue and common Crockery. *Tea and dining Setts complete.* Also a gold assortment of Glass Ware, at

C. G. TIBBALS.

Dec. 7, 1850. Cheap Side.

### ONCE MORE ON SHAWLS,

AT NO. 1, REED HOUSE.

I HAVE just received another stock of Shawls, purchased with cash in New York, and offer them on the following terms. I will sell as good an article at $2 as can be produced for $3—as good a one at $3 as can for $5, and as good a one for $5 as for $7 from any store in Erie, where the Hand Bellows, Key Bugle or Trombone are employed with the operator, in endeavoring to produce loud sounds, imagines himself Fallstaff junior.

N. B.—The above figures are not made with reference to "putting the jam" on the balance of my stock at present or next season. I intend continuing on the cheap system throughout, and underselling as usual, any House that says on *long credit.*

Erie, Dec. 14, 1850. J. D. CLARK.

### New Goods.

J. H. FULLERTON is now receiving direct from New York the largest Stock of Goods he has ever offered in Erie. Having purchased at greatly reduced prices, he is prepared to sell on terms that will prove satisfactory to purchasers at wholesale or retail.

### EBOGHS' BUFFALO

**Piano Forte Manufactory,**

*Niagara Street, Corner of Mohawk.*

A. J. KEOGH & Co., Piano Forte manufacturers from New York, respectfully announce to the citizens of *Buffalo and Erie, and the surrounding country, that they have* established a manufactory of Piano Fortes, as above, and have now on hand a number of Instruments of their own manufacture, to which they invite the attention of Amateurs and professional Musicians or others in want of a real good instrument. Having conducted the business of the largest Piano Manufactories in the city of New York for some years, with perfect success, they have no hesitation in warranting their instruments for beauty of finish, ease of touch, and volume and richness of tone, equal to any of Eastern manufacture; and as they use no woodbut what has been thoroughly seasoned, both by the action of time as well as artificial means, they can safely assure you who may favor them with their patronage, that their instruments shall be unsurpassed in durability, as well as the other qualities of a superior Piano.

Piano Fortes of six, six and a half and seven octaves, constantly on hand—and instruments of any peculiar shape desired, will be made to order.

One of the above instruments can now be seen at the dwelling of D. McAllister, on High street. A call is solicited.

A call is respectfully solicited. A. J. KEOGH, J. KEOGH.

Buffalo, April 20, 1850. 1y 49

### Tailoring Done in New York Style.

THE undersigned respectfully returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage for the last three years, and solicits a continuance of the same. Having received the Fall and Winter Fashions for 1850, he feels confident that he is able to execute all orders intrusted to his care in the best style, as he employs none but the best workmen. Notwithstanding the cry of slop-shop (alias slaughter-house) "cut and make," he pledges himself that all garments cut and made by him that do not fit, to pay for the cloth; Gentlemen who are desirous of having their clothes made "well" will do well to call on the subscriber. As good mechanics will not work without their pay in cash, he must commence on the principle of paying and being paid in cash.—The following are his prices:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| For Dress or Frock Coat, | | $6 00 |
| " Sack | " | 5 00 |
| " Over | " | 6 to 10 00 |
| Pantaloons, | | 1 50 |
| Vests, | | 1 50 |

N. B.—Cutting done at the usual cash prices.

Erie, Oct 5. JOHN GOALDING.

### Engraving on Wood.

☞ THE subscriber is prepared to execute all orders in his line. Drawing and Engraving Landscapes, views of Hotels, Stores Factories, Machinery, Societies' Seals, Business Cards, Show Bills, &c., &c., &c.

Orders attended to without delay, charges moderate.

Fredonia, July 27, 1846. M. S. PETTIT.

16 BBLS. Coffee crushed and Powdered Sugar, a very nice article, for sale by W. F. RINDERNECHT

### Keystone Paper Mills,

*ERIE, PA.*

**PERKINS & SELDEN.**

MR. ELIHU MARVIN having disposed of his interest in the above establishment, and in the business of Marvin & Perkins, to Samuel Selden, the business will hereafter be conducted by the subscribers, under the name of Perkins & Selden, who will settle all accounts of the late firm. Oct 19.

RUFUS L. PERKINS. SAMUEL SELDEN.

### TO MERCHANTS.

SALERATUS constantly on hand, which we manufacture and sell for cash at the lowest market rates. A pure article, without adulteration. COMPTON & HAVERSTICK.

### Depot of Carpenters' & Joiners' Tools.

THE subscribers have just received the largest and best assortment of Carpenters' and Joiners' Tools ever offered in this market, consisting of Bench, Moulding and Match Planes, Panel Ploughs, Hand, Panel, back, Compass and tenant saws, Firman, Framing and dicks till Glasses, Brond, and Hand Axes Adzes, Hammers and Hatchets, Gauges, Bevels Levels, Compasers, Braces and Bitts, Augur Bitts, Augurs, Try Squares, Steel and Iron Squares, Draw Shaves, Plane Irons, &c., &c.

GEO. SELDEN & SON.

Erie, Oct. 26, 1850 n26

SOAP.—A large lot of *superior Hard* Soap, for family use, from an Eastern Manufactory for sale at eastern prices by the Box. A supply will be kept on hand at the store of R. O. HULBERT, and families will do well to call and examine qualities and prices for sale on consignment by R. O. HULBERT.

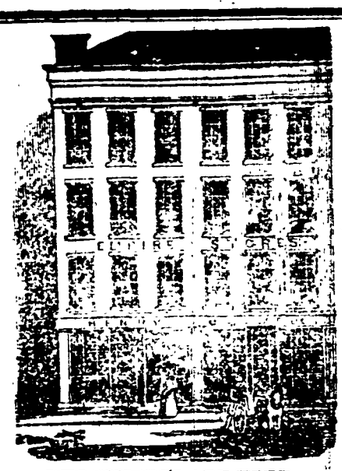
Erie May 4, 1850. 51

### Erie Music Store.

*One Door east of Evans's Hotel.*

YOU can find a variety of Musical Instruments and Instructors, Violins for $1, 50 to $25, Accordeons, from 50 cts. to $25 Flutes, $1 00 to $10, Guitars, $4 to $9, Flageolets, Clarinetts, Fifes, Violin Rows, Bridges, Strings, and all things pertaining to the department. Also a variety of Yankee Notions, Pocket Cutlery, Razors & Razor Straps, Pistols, Percussion Caps, Toys, Cards, Combs, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Needles, Pins, Thimbles, Hair Pins, Looking Glasses, Fancy Boxes, Vases, and a variety of other Items. One door east of Brown's Hotel.

Erie, Dec. 9, 1849. W. N. LEWIS, & Co.



### THE EMPIRES ARE HERE.

H. CADWELL has just returned from New York with a large stock of goods of all kinds that will be sold for cash at prices that will close the mouths of small crookers, until the frost comes out in the spring. Our stock here is too large to enumerate, I will briefly give the price of a few articles. 300 Long Shawls, good Styles, warranted all wool, 63 by 129 inches, at from 20 to 25 shillings, 200 Bay State, Waterloo, and Empire Shawls, the largest size, 72 by 144 inches. The third No. as low as $4,00; the manufacturers price in Oct. was $3,25 by the hundred. The fairest quality and the best shawls ever laid down in Erie, at $7,50. This article could not be purchased of the manufacturer in Oct. for less than $5,00. Prints as low as five cents, warranted fast colors, and all goods in proportion. Now is the time—next year goods must be higher. H. CADWELL.

Dec. 7, 1850.

### Commercial Exchange

**STILL TRIUMPHANT!**

**$30,000** *WORTH OF NEW GOODS.*

ARRIVING and to arrive, $30,000 worth of New and Cheap Goods at the Commercial Exchange, where the subscriber has had his *Head Quarters* established for the last five years, and where, with the permission of the merchant Princes of Erie, he intends for some years to come, to offer to his former customers and all others, the greatest bargains ever extended to any people. His store is now so arranged as to accommodate all classes of purchasers; having fitted them up into two separate departments. The first of which is well supplied with a large and rich stock of FANCY GOODS adapted to the wants of the Ladies. The other department is well supplied with every article pertaining to the wardrobe of *gentlemen*, together with every variety of Staple Goods. By the above arrangements, he will be enabled to wait upon those wanting goods with facility and dispatch. He would therefore say to persons who wish to purchase Dry Goods or Clothing, that his stock is one of the largest and cheapest in the city, having been purchased for cash in the New York sales previous, which enables him to sell 10 per cent. cheaper than those who purchase goods in the ordinary mode.

Among his stock may be found black and blue black Satin Dress Patterns, black, blue black and watered Gro de Rhine, spotted Lawns, linen tissues, Jenny Lind embroidered silk and merino Cloaks, Brocke and Long Shawls, silk warp Parisiennes, *figured and striped Alapacas, a few pieces of Canton stripe*, superfine Cassimeres of all grades, Doeskins, Satinetts and all qualities in great variety, plain, figured, and dotted Turlatin Book Muslin, Bishop Lawns, Swiss Mull, plain and figured Ladies French Collars and Capes, linen, cotton, thread and mull Edging and Inserting, Bell Ribbons, Rob Roy embroidered Scarfs, striped and plain Cashmere de Laines, black silk laces, a large assortment of Ladies Handkerchiefs, Gentlemen's Cravats, Hosiery, Gloves and Mitts, Dress Trimmings, Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Silk Velvets, Satins, &c., Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves and Mitts, first quality; French work Collars, Lace Collars, Muslin, Edgings, Insertings, Thread, Lenpins, Laces, Veils, Black Lace Edgings, materials for Mantillas, ready made Capes, Embroidery Patterns, Zephyr and Berlin Worsted, Purse Trimmings, Steel Beads, Purse Twist, &c., &c. Hair Combs, a good assortment, and many other articles, all of which will be sold as low, wholesale and retail, as can be bought in the city.

☞ Milliners furnished with all articles in their line at reduced prices. Straw Bonnets cleansed and pressed.

Erie, October, 19, 1850. n23

*EAGLE FACTORY*

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